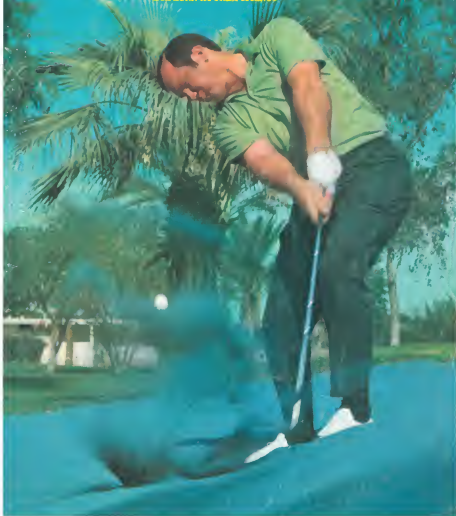


Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 19 1968 40 CENTS

GOLF'S BRASH NEW LOOK

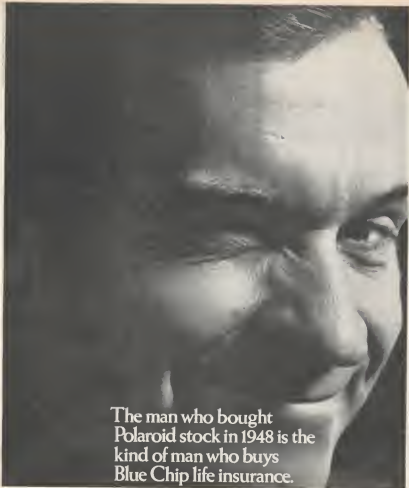
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Next week

A BLISTERING RACE: pro basketball's finest in years, is drawing big crowds as surprising New York and Baltimore battle Boston and Philadelphia. A report in pictures and text

POPE OF SKIING is a 64-year-old Austrian professor named Stefan Kruckenhauser. Having invented Wendel, he is now telling the world to forget the fancy stuff and ski like a kid

A TARPON'S LIFE is pretty much a secret of the ocean deeps, but the known habits of this sleek wandeater are depicted in color—and in amazing detail by artist Stanley Meisloff

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BOOKTALK

An ex-reporter watched the Fords go by and made a splendid book of them

When the *New York Herald Tribune* died a few years ago, Reporter Leo Levine, who specialized in automobile racing, slipped into that great journalistic gray area known as "free-lance writing"—which usually means that a good former newspaperman will show up one day wearing a vest and calling himself a public relations man. Thus are many good newsmen lost to the literate world. Leo Levine is an outstanding exception.

He emerges this winter not as a press agent but as an author, with a production called *Ford: The Dust and The Glory* (The Macmillan Company, New York, \$12.50), which is the racing history of America's most famous motoring concern. And he does it with a fine, free-lance vengeance. His book is a big one and weighs just slightly less than a 1969 Mustang.

Projects of this size are risky undertakings even for an experienced author, since buff books are obviously aimed at a select audience to start with. But its high price further limits *Dust and Glory* to well-heeled buffs. Moreover, this one is not in the display or coffee-table book category since it has much more text than pictures—and the pictures are not outstanding. In fact, they are pretty dull.

Therefore, it is important to point out that here is a publishing rarity, a good book on a highly technical and elusive subject. For all the handicaps, Levine has pulled it off; auto-racing fans will love every chapter but it is the sort of thing that car hoers could get caught up in as well.

Happily, there is a great deal of romance involved in the idea of a big company going racing. Ford was not always that big, and the early chapters, where old Henry (himself) was involved, have an exciting story to tell. And who could resist yarns about that crusty bicycle racer, Barney Oldfield, who turned out to be the country's greatest car-racing folk hero?

Oldfield drove anything that would go fast, but he started out with Ford, in the old 999. The saga of his relationship with Ford is all here, including the time when Henry I told Barney, "You made me and I made you." And Oldfield noted that "I did a damn sight better for you than you did for me."

Levine takes the racers right up to modern times, with such new folk heroes as Dan Gurney and A. J. Foyt spewing champagne all over young Henry Ford II after winning the 24 Hours of Le Mans—in one of those cars. And finally, he backs it all up with a complete set of racing records and tables, the first time anyone has ever managed to pull together those statistics.

—BOB OTTUM

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NET CONTENTS 1 QUART

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Offhand, balloons and horses would not seem to have much in common. Yet the more one examines the history of ballooning as a sport, the more one becomes aware of a curious affinity between it and equestrianism. Maybe it is because the idea of a flying horse has always filled man with the same feelings of envy he experiences at the sight of a balloon in free flight. Or maybe it is simply that, like horses, the first balloons thrived on a diet of hay.

Early balloons floated aloft on hot air, and to provide it they were equipped with iron furnaces which had to be stoked with hay by the passengers. The balloon built by France's famed Montgolfier brothers in 1783 ate like a horse in more senses than one and caused its first noble passenger—a marquis who went aloft with Aeronaut Pilâtre de Rozier—some worry because of its habit of belching fire and setting the rigging aflame.

Balloons found a further identification with horses in England sometime later, when another balloonist nearly came to grief because local farmers refused to lend a hand and make fast his landing lines. They were not, they said, about to help anyone who came out of the sky "on a devil's horse."

This may have been the first time that a balloon was actually called a horse, but in 1785, two enterprising brothers in Strasbourg were hard at work devising a balloon that was meant to look like a horse. It was called, naturally enough, *Pegasus*, and it was made out of oxhide and inflated, like modern balloons, by a crude sort of blowtorch. Whether or not it ever flew is not recorded.

Even if this oxhide *Pegasus* did get off the ground, however, it was still no more than a balloon shaped like a horse. The dream of sending a real, live horse aloft was not realized until 12 years later. It was a dream long nurtured by Monsieur Têtu-Brissy, an avid fox hunter and balloonist who had once spent an idyllic afternoon following the hounds from the air. To accomplish his dream and thus combine his two favorite pastimes, Têtu-Brissy suspended a heavy platform beneath his balloon, tethered his horse firmly in the center of it and sent the whole rig skyward in what was widely advertised as the first *Ascension Equestre*.

This history-making first was forgot-

Getting up on a High Horse

There was never any particular reason why horses should learn to fly; it just seemed like a good idea so many times by MARY EVANS

ten almost as soon as it was accomplished. Apparently the whole idea was a little ahead of its time, and the fashion in ballooning went off in another direction, that of long-distance flight. During this period, horses were not entirely forgotten, since someone proposed to Napoleon that he build balloons big enough to carry men and horses across the English Channel, but nothing came of the idea.

Then in 1830 Charles Green, an English aeronaut who had set several long-distance drift records over Europe, began to yearn for a feat more challenging and more significant. He remembered that Têtu-Brissy had once sent a horse aloft on a platform, and he decided to do him one better. Green planned to send his horse aloft not on a platform or in a basket but hanging freely and elegantly in the air, a position that seemed much closer to natural flight.

Not surprisingly, Green's British countrymen did not take kindly to such a highly un-British affront to the dignity (and comfort) of an animal; and so Green took himself to France for his experiments. Britain's newspapers followed him there to report in grisly disapproval on the event. "The horse, a handsome dappled grey," one wrote, "had a stout cloth placed around its body. Several straps, passed over the shoulder and loins, were united in rings, which were attached by cords to the network of the balloon. In this manner was the horse cruelly suspended in the air, nor was there anything to protect the rider, had he lost his balance." After his first successful flight, Green seemed satisfied that the horse had enjoyed it as much as he did and immediately announced that he intended to carry out the same feat in England.

His announcement caused a great commotion. The newly founded Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals sought, unsuccessfully, to have the flight stopped. Whether their protest up-

set Green or whether, as he thought it over, he realized his personal danger in sitting unprotected in the sky on a horse (who might, like the mythological Pegasus, be bitten by a fly and go berserk) is not known. At any rate, he drastically modified the bold style he had shown in France. The result did not mollify the SFCA and infuriated Green's more sanguine fans. After the exhibition the papers reported that instead of riding aloft on a fine horse the aeronaut had taken a scraggly undersized pony, bandaged its eyes to keep it quiet and tied it into a wicker basket. The pony was so small "it looked like an undersized Newfoundland dog and was hardly strong enough to hold up Mr. Green. This sham equestrian excursion through the air generally disappointed the onlooker."

After this fiasco, so far as we know, Green never went aloft on horseback again. For a while no one else tried it either. For a period of about 20 years no one took any kind of ballooning seriously. The sport had begun to look too easy, and it had lost its early glamour. The only balloons were to be found at county fairs. Then a totally bungled but widely publicized ascension by two Frenchmen, which should have doomed the sport completely, sparked a revival instead.

These two, Barral and Bixio by name, took off in a balloon, which, to begin with, was so tattered that it was being mended by seamstresses even as it was being pumped up. Unfortunately, once pumped up it proved too large for its netting, and the extra bag billowed down like a hernia through the neck hoop onto the gondola, threatening to smother the men inside the basket. Barral bravely climbed up on the rigging to see what he could do to save himself and his companion. What he did was rip the bag so that all the air came out in a whoosh, and both aeronauts dropped like stones to the earth.

continued

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High Horses *continued*

Barral and Buxio's catastrophic attempt had in itself nothing to do with the flight of horses, but it did start a new mania for ballooning. Perhaps the very ineptness of the gallant two made balloons seem sporting again.

In England and France there blossomed a brief and wonderful mania for going aloft on horseback. In 1850 and 1851 everyone seemed to be trying it. The London Athenaeum begged the police to do something to "prevent such needless cruelty to animals and to exercise proper supervision over the madmen who undertake such foolhardy feats."

Undeterred by such entreaties, the airborne equestrians kept at it, until not only one horse went up, but teams of them; until not only men went aloft but a lady, too, with everyone in proper riding dress; until the feat was so polished that it could be given at regular intervals for audiences. A spectacular show, called *Ascension Equestre*, was held at the Hippodrome in Paris, and tens of thousands of Parisians came to watch, with the event being reported in newspapers in England and America. Every Thursday and Sunday Monsieur and Madame Pottevin and a famous balloonist of the period, Eugène Godard, rode high in the sky over the delirious crowds. At last the dream of flying horses had reached its full development.

From a poster printed in 1851 we can see how the trio looked. The three riders are dangling elegantly from one balloon. The gentlemen ride black horses, the lady a white mare. The men have on hunting costumes and spurs; the horses, which appear delighted and proud, wear full bridle. The lady, who is, of course, riding sidesaddle, is dressed in a long, flowing riding skirt and veiled hat; she carries a crop in her gloved hand. One gentleman is doffing his cap to the crowd below; the other is gathering his mount into a collected trot, while the lady's horse is cantering. The horses are not simply dangling in the air; they are going through their paces and paces.

Having reached an apparent apogee, the sport of sky riding unaccountably faded away until now scarcely anyone takes his horse up in a balloon. But who knows? Hot-air ballooning is on the rise as a sport again today, and its enthusiasts have one form of competition they call the "fox hunt." So maybe soon the horses will be flying once more. **END**

STRANGE as it seems ELSIE HIX



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SCORECARD

NEW CONCEPT

The U.S. Lawn Tennis Association has defined a new kind of player—called, simply enough, a “player.” He may take expense money, negotiate for appearance money, play for prize money and accept money for endorsements. The new classification is open to everybody 19 or older who opts for it: club champions, Arthur Ashe, even teaching professionals and former touring pros like Tony Trabert or Alex Olmedo. Everyone is eligible except professionals who are under contract to either of the two pro groups—the National Tennis League, run by George MacCall, and World Championship Tennis, run by Bob Briner with Lamar Hunt’s money.

The new category is, in one sense, a power play by the USLTA, an attempt to entice the Ralstons and Gonzalezes back under USLTA jurisdiction and to keep the Ashes and Graebners there. At the moment, for example, Pancho Gonzalez can compete in and make money from open tournaments only—excepting, of course, the pro tour. But if his contract were terminated and he chose to become a “player,” Pancho could play not only in the opens but in other USLTA-sponsored tournaments, which may now be offering cash prizes. Under International Lawn Tennis Federation rules, Gonzalez would then also be eligible for Davis Cup play, which could lead to lucrative endorsements. So the touring pros may find the lure of the player category strong.

On the other hand, the pro promoters, who this past week worked out an agreement with the USLTA on the four open tournaments remaining this year, like the new concept, too. If, when it meets in July, the ILTF approves the almost total integration of pros and players, it will mean players can appear in various pro-sponsored events, as well as vice versa. If, however, the ILTF rejects the idea, the tentative understanding between the touring pros and the governing associations will be

destroyed and the battle for control of the sport will be escalated, with potentially disastrous results.

ONCE BURNED, TWICE SHY

Vince Lombardi has moved on to the Washington Redskins (declaring on his arrival, “I’d like to have a winner the first year”), and as a result the city of Milwaukee may decide to build a monument to Alderman John R. Kalwitz. Last autumn there was considerable talk in that city of naming a street after Lombardi, then still a statewide hero in Wisconsin. Alderman Kalwitz suggested that such action might be hasty. After all, he argued, Milwaukeeans would feel pretty foolish now if 10 years ago, on their love for the then Milwaukee Braves, they had named a street after Braves Owner Lou Perini.

The proposal was hurriedly tabled.

HOW HIGH THE DOME?

Sometimes it seems as though every city in the country has talked about building a domed stadium. Surveys have been made, committees appointed, plans drawn up, bond issues prepared. Yet not one shovelful of earth has yet been turned on construction of what would be the world’s second roofed super ball park. And Judge Roy Hofheinz, who built the first one, the Astrodome in Houston, thinks it will be quite a while yet before that first shovelful of earth is turned.

“The next domed stadium will cost four times what it cost Harris County to build the Astrodome,” Hofheinz says. “The rising costs of land, construction and borrowed money now make it impossible to build a domed stadium that can pay for itself out of its own revenue. The city that builds one will be undertaking a huge public subsidy of six or seven million dollars annually.”

Hofheinz, of course, would be happy if his gilt-edge tourist attraction remained the only domed stadium in the land. But he may be right. If all the

domed parks that have been talked about had actually been built, they would probably outnumber old-fashioned, open-air stadiums. Yet the Astrodome stands alone.

HOLD THE MUD

Don’t know whether you ever saw New York City’s East River, up close. An eminent writer who once took a small-boat ride along that dark-gray stream commented afterward, “You’d think all anybody does in New York is spill oil and eat oranges.”

Nonetheless, Cyrus Adler, a physical oceanographer, Dr. George Claus, a marine biologist, and Sanford Moos, another marine scientist, are using that same East River to grow an experimental crop of oysters, clams and mussels. Last October they suspended their unsuspecting bivalves in a screened tray about six feet below the surface of the river. Once a week they bring their charges to the surface, wipe away the heavy coating of silt, check the identifying numbers painted



ed on each shell, measure the shells for growth and put them back in the Stygian gloom.

The results? Ahhh! The scientists claim the experiment is bright with promise. For one thing—and a startling thing it is, too—the oysters, clams and mussels are still alive. This means, according to Dr. Claus, that “apparently there are no substances in the river that are harmful to the bivalves, despite such things as detergents and other pollutants that have been poured into the water.”

Furthermore, not content with merely

continued

staying alive in their murky home, the mussels are actually growing, even though they should be dormant during the cold winter months. Thus, the experimenter says, may mean that the East River contains some vital growth nutrient.

Like automobile tires? Never mind, say the scientists. Bacteria counts indicate that the East River may be slowly getting cleaner, and one must not forget that it is a vast "unused water mass" very close to a huge market. Adler, Claus and Moos have not yet gotten to the point of eating one of their East River shellfish, but the moment cannot be too far off when some free-spendling devils in "21" or the Colony snap his fingers at the waiter and orders, "Oysters Queens Midtown Tunnel, my good man."

A MATTER OF DEGREE

A survey made recently of professional football rosters for last summer's training camps indicates that although practically all the players on AFL and NFL rosters have come to the professional ranks from college, slightly more than half of them (50.4%) have not yet earned degrees. Colleges with the greatest percentage of nongraduates in pro football are Minnesota, Houston, Arizona State, Colorado and Iowa State.

THERE'S NO PLACE

Curiosity about basketball's "homers" continues. Jim Hefner, assistant basketball coach at the University of Southern California, which has an outstanding freshman squad and, therefore, high hopes for the next few seasons, did a little research into the subject for the fun of it. What Hefner was looking for—possibly with intent to avoid—are places where a visiting team does not seem to stand a chance of winning.

"We're not looking for patsies," Hefner says. "We want to play the best. But we want to play where the home victory record is at least slightly less than 100%."

Hefner was not referring to teams, like UCLA, which are just as good away as they are at home, but to those whose home and traveling records show remarkable contrasts. He pored over schedules and results for the past two seasons, and his research disclosed some fascinating extremes.

Utah, for example, was 7-18 in away

games but 25-2 at home. Brigham Young, 9-20 away, was 18-2 at home. Colorado, 8-21 away, was 18-3 at home. These three mountain schools together had a dismal 24-59 record in road games but were a devastating 61-7 back home.

Such discrepancies were not confined to the Rocky Mountain area. Michigan State, 8-17 away, was 20-2 at home. Nebraska, 14-17 away, was 17-2 at home. West Virginia, 17-17 away, was 19-1 at home. Yet the high-altitude schools do seem particularly fond of home games. New Mexico State, 18-16 away, and New Mexico, 17-12 away, were, respectively, 20-1 and 25-1 at home, and it is very hard for a visiting club to win in the Western Athletic Conference. When Arizona won a conference game away from home in January, tongue-in-check experts immediately named the Wildcats overwhelming favorites to win the WAC championship. It was only a joke, but a month later only one conference game had been won by visitors.

SAY GOODNIGHT DICK

The Detroit Red Wings have a rookie forward named Eddie Haisum. His nickname, naturally, is "Sock."

SERPENT'S TOOTH

A disenchanted baseball fan, writing in *Pittsburgh Weekly Sports* on the possibility that major league baseball players may go on strike because of the pension-plan dispute, says, "If the baseball players, who are overpaid, overpampered and overpublicized, decide to strike, I think all of us should hold one big drink. . . . If only the Little League players would decide to strike for more ice cream soda money, then the summer would be perfect. . . ."

"I have managed to live without baseball for the last few years and have found the feeling wonderful. . . . Maybe it is the same type of feeling one receives when he goes off dope or quits smoking. I felt like a free man. No longer did I lie awake to hear the scores. It mattered not if the Pirates won or lost. . . ."

"Of all the professional athletes, the baseball player is the most obnoxious, the most conceited, and the most boring. . . . The baseball player actually believes the Great American Society will evaporate and go away forever if the public doesn't have the chance to see at least one game this summer.

"If the players do strike, I hope President Nixon doesn't use the Taft-Hartley law. . . . I also presume that Congress will not call extra night sessions to look into the problem. . . ."

"So strike, players. Strike forever. And owners, don't yield. Don't give in. . . ."

Would it be O.K. if we just played a little catch in the backyard?

FROSTY LAMENT

Amherst's hockey team lost 15-2 to Middlebury the other day and in so doing established a new Eastern College Athletic Conference Division II record of 14 straight losses over two seasons. Inspired, an anonymous poet wrote the following, which appeared in the college newspaper, *The Amherst Student*:

Whose stick is that? I think I know,
'Twas new 300 saves ago,
But splintered now beyond repair,
From slapshots fired by skating foe.

My shivering date must think it queer
That none watch with any gnawing fear,
As O'Malley haves those blazing pucks.

Without enough defencemen near,
"Sprung will be lovely," hear him weep,

"But I have promises to keep,
Ten games to go before I sleep,
Ten more to go before I sleep."

The poet apologized "to Robert Frost and anyone else who could take offense." The O'Malley of the poem is obviously the Amherst goalie, since elsewhere on the sports page appears the boxed admonition O'MALLEY SAVES.

Though, apparently, not often enough.

THEY SAID IT

• Press Maravich, LSU basketball coach, after being told to go to the beach and relax from the pressures of the sport: "So I went to the beach. The pretty blue water rolled in and the palm trees swayed in the breeze. Then I looked down and saw that I'd been diagramming basketball plays in the sand."

• Joe Greene, North Texas State defensive tackle, after being the fourth player selected in pro football's draft: "I can't say just what I'll ask for, but it's going to take a \$600,000 man to stop O J Simpson."

END



We finally came up with a beautiful picture of a Volkswagen.

A Volkswagen starts looking good when everything else starts looking bad.

Let's say it's late at night and you can't sleep. It's 10 below and you forgot to put antifreeze in your car.

(A Volkswagen doesn't use antifreeze. Its engine is cooled by air.)

Let's say it's now morning. You start your car and the gas gauge reads Empty.

(Even with a gallon left, you should go approximately 27 miles in a VW.)

Let's say you notice on your way out of the driveway that every other car on your block is stuck in the snow.

(A VW goes very well in snow because the engine is in the back. It gives the rear wheels much better traction.)

Let's say you make it into town and the

only parking space is half a space between a snow plow and a big, fat wall.

(A VW is small enough to fit into half a parking space.)

Let's say it's now 9:15 a.m. and the only other guy in the office is your boss.

(Now what could be more beautiful than that?)



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WHITEWASH IN KENTUCKY

The longest horse race in history, the 1968 Kentucky Derby, gallops along as the main issue in the scandal continues to be quietly ignored. Elsewhere, a likely 1969 winner pops up and a lady jockey has her debut



Reflecting the confusion, a Churchill Downs sign announces first-place money goes to Forward Pass but that the decision is under appeal.

The Kentucky State Racing Commission's meeting room in Lexington has this warm, down-home, Southern comfort air about it, so that any second you expect Colonel Sanders to walk in with a chicken leg in one hand and a bourbon and branch water in the other. The walls are paneled and there is thick green carpeting, a long conference table and a fireplace beneath a portrait of Nashua. Here last week the commission invited in a couple of friends—aren't all Kentucky horsemen friends?—for a little tête-à-tête about their curious behavior in the hectic hours after word leaked out that Dancer's Image had been replaced as winner of the 1968 Kentucky Derby. The tenor of the briefhear-

ing was pretty well captured in this exchange between Assistant State Attorney General George Rabe, who was representing the commission, and Trainer Doug Davis Jr.:

Rabe: "Did you bet on the race?"

Davis: "Yes, I bet \$5 on Forward Pass."

Rabe: "So did I."

Davis: "Well, we didn't collect, did we?"

It was Davis who testified previously that on Monday, May 6, he informed the trainer of Dancer's Image, Lou Cavalanis, that his horse had been discovered to have won the race under the influence of Butazolidin. It was also Davis who, after talking with Cavalanis in a

Louisville motel, collaborated with the veterinarian who treated Dancer's Image, Dr. Alex Harthill, in the now-famous "salting" scheme. And it was on this scheme—its origin, purpose and execution—that the commission met to quiz Davis and Harthill last week. As explained by the two men, first at the Churchill Downs' stewards' hearing May 13-15, and again before the commission last week, the story goes this way:

Davis, a big, boisterous man who is popular among Kentucky horsemen, had his string of horses stabled at the Downs in a barn next to Barn 24, where Dancer's Image was in residence and where Harthill maintains a laboratory. On the afternoon of May 6, Davis saw security

agents from the track and the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau, Inc. "shaking down" the stall of Dancer's Image. He was told by Cavaliers' assistant, Robert Barnard, that Dancer's Image had tested positive. Unable to reach Cavaliers, who was visiting farms in central Kentucky, Davis left an open phone call for him at the Brown Suburban Hotel.

Cavaliers finally returned the call, heard the news from Davis, and hurried over to Davis' room at the Stamford Hotel. According to Davis, Cavaliers arrived "in a very emotional state . . . professing his honesty, pacing up and down the room, at times crying, beating his fists on the table." Then, said Davis, Cavaliers twice asked him if he thought Harthill could have given Dancer's Image some of the medication, either by mistake or on purpose. "By this time," Davis says, "I was pretty convinced that Mr. Cavaliers was hunting someone . . . to share the responsibility." And, Davis added, if Harthill "wasn't elected, he was damn sure nominated."

So Davis thought up the scheme that was labeled last week by his own attorney, Millard Cox, as "phantasmagoria." Davis said he proposed to Harthill that they go out to Barn 24 and doctor the feed of Dancer's Image with a white substance, ostensibly Butazolidin but actually aspirin. This would be done in the presence of Cavaliers and Barnard. The idea was that it would provide the reason why the drug had been found in the horse, someone—unknown

had put it in the feed before the Derby. The thinking of Davis and Harthill was that if Cavaliers and Barnard were guilty, they would go along with the scheme, only to be exposed by Harthill and Davis. If innocent, however, Cavaliers would report the "salting" immediately, and then Harthill and Davis could get off the hook by showing they were only using aspirin. "My motive was to protect my friend Alex," said Davis. Said Harthill, "We didn't want to frame this man, we just wanted to test him."

How Cavaliers reacted to the scheme is not easily discernible. Cavaliers testified at the stewards' hearing that when he found out what was going on he told Harthill, "I don't want nothing to do

with this, Doc." However, Davis told the commission, "We wanted to give this man a chance to be dishonest, which he did readily." The Louisville *Courier-Journal* quoted Davis as calling Cavaliers "a damn liar."

The commissioners, headed by Chairman George Egger, asked Harthill and Davis whether they thought their roles in the "salting" constituted "improper conduct." Last June 4, Harthill and Davis were two of six men cited by the commission to show why their licenses should not be suspended or revoked because of the "salting" scheme. The others cited were Cavaliers, Barnard and Attorneys Arthur Grafton and Ned Bonnie, who allegedly disposed of some of the "salted" feed on the morning of Tuesday, May 7.

"If I had to do this over again . . . I keep thinking of it as a matter of self-preservation," said Harthill. "I was impulsive and we panicked, more or less."

Davis was more positive. "Under the circumstances, I would not then and do not now consider it improper conduct."

Commissioner Stanley Lambert asked whether, if the same situation came up again here everyone chorused "God forbid"—they would do the same thing again.

"What do you think, Doug?" asked Harthill.

"Yes," said Davis, "because I thought I was bringing this man [Cavaliers] out in the open."

As they did with Davis, the commissioners also asked Harthill if he had bet on the race, particularly on Dancer's Image. "No, I bet on Iron Ruler," Harthill said. "You couldn't give me a ticket on him [Dancer's Image]. Sure as he was, you couldn't have *printed* tickets and given them to me." Harthill did say that on the Sunday morning after the Derby he asked if he could buy a service from Dancer's Image for \$5,000 when the horse was sent to stud, and was told that he could. Did he still have that option, the commission wanted to know? "What do you think?" replied Harthill.

In presenting his case to the commission, Attorney Cox said, "I find it difficult to find a rule these men have violated . . . If they have injured anyone, they only injured each other or themselves." The hearing lasted three hours and 20 minutes, and four days later—last Friday—the commission announced its decision.

Harthill and Davis were given the choice of being suspended for 30 days

Continued



Arriving at their hearing, Doug Davis and Dr. Alex Harthill flank their attorney, Millard Cox.

or paying a fine of \$500 (they chose to pay the fine.) Since they were cited by the commission for "improper conduct detrimental to the best interests of racing," the penalty constitutes the merest slap on the wrist for the offense. It is even lighter than the one given Cavalaris, if Cavalaris had been treated similarly, he would have been able to participate in preparing his horse for the Preakness that followed the Derby.

While it is commendable that the commission undertook to investigate the bizarre salting scheme, the decision answers none of the significant questions that arose after the Derby. All the commission has found is that none of the principals—Cavalaris, Barnard, Hart-hill, Davis—is guilty of anything more serious than poor judgment. At the same time, by upholding the findings of Chemist Kenneth Smith, the commission declares that Daner's Image was illegally drugged when he won the Derby.

So the questions remain: Who drugged Daner's Image? How? When? Why? At this moment the commission does not plan—nor, apparently, does it feel obligated—to investigate those questions. A charitable view is that the commission is awaiting the result of Peter Fuller's appeal from its findings about the drugging Fuller, the owner of Daner's Image, will ask Judge Henry Meigs of Kentucky's Franklin Circuit Court to overturn the commission's decision on the basis that Smith's tests were inconclusive, unscientific and worthless. The appeal is a precedent in racing history—never before has a chemist's test been challenged. But some knowledgeable horsemen, impressed by the detail and volume of Fuller's case, believe Judge Meigs will rule for him.

On one count, at least, the sport should heed the words of Arthur Graffon: "Is it had for racing for a horse to win the Derby under a cloud? Of course it is. Is it had for the winner of the Derby to be deprived of that great victory on evidence that is questionable or uncertain? Of course it is. The public should feel when this case is over that neither one of these results has been reached . . . Only then will racing be able to hold up its head again in Kentucky."

—WILLIAM F. REED JR.

A PRINCE WHO WOULD BE KING



A quarter of a century ago that ageless wizard of his trade, Johnny Longden, rode Count Fleet to a Triple Crown, and ever since those enjoyable and easy rides, Longden has stood up at thousands of press conferences and banquets and unwaveringly insisted that Count Fleet was the greatest horse he had ever ridden—overseen. It is worth noting that Longden's perceptive eyes have focused on the likes of Citation, Noor, Swaps, Nashua, Tom Fool, Kelso, Buckpasser and Dr. Fager.

Last week may not have marked the beginning of a new century for Longden, who is now in his third year as a trainer, but it definitely marked the beginning of a new Longden. Johnny startled his listeners as he looked over a colt out of his own Santa Anita barn and said, "I've ridden over 30,000 races in my life, and this is the best horse I have ever seen. Yes, even better than Count Fleet."

The object of this expert appraisal is a powerfully built chestnut (above) with the highly appropriate name of Majestic Prince. At the moment he is indeed majestic, he runs like a prince and, if he lives up to Johnny Longden's expectations, he may well wind up as king, at least in California, and perhaps at Chur-

chill Downs, Pimlico and Belmont Park.

It's a long way from Santa Anita to the throne rooms of those distant empires, but if Majestic Prince reaches even one of them, it will come as no great surprise to any of the people close to him. All he has done so far in his young career is win all four of his races, the latest being last week's seven-furlong San Vicente Stakes, in which he skipped over a muddy track in 1:25 3/5. He whipped five other respectable sophomores and set himself up as the odds-on favorite to win the Santa Anita Derby (at a mile and an eighth) on March 29.

A lot of other young horses, of course, have won their first four races before fading into permanent obscurity, and a lot of other winners of the San Vicente, in its previous 28 runnings, have names that do not ring a bell. Or does everyone vividly remember James Session, Captain Fair and Mr. Thong? Still, four San Vicente winners have gone on from this comparatively minor midwinter test to victory in the Kentucky Derby in May, and there was nothing small time about any of the four—Gallahadion, Hill Gail, Swaps and Lucky Debonair.

Majestic Prince won his San Vicente the way a good horse should: by tackling an unfamiliar and tricky surface and

mastering it and his rivals completely. After allowing his stablemate, Governors Party, to set the early pace with Fleet The Ruler while he stayed just off them in third place, Majestic Prince took the lead in midstretch and rolled home five lengths in front of Fleet Allied. He felt the brush of the whip only once and was virtually pulled up for the last 16th of a mile. Upon dismounting, his jockey, Bill Hartack, put his arm around Longden and said, "I won with a lot of horse under me. He still doesn't like the mud, but now I know that he can do anything."

Majestic Prince was born to do anything. From the day he was foaled at Leslie Combs's Spendthrift Farm in Lexington, Ky. he was something special. "In the first place," says Combs, who came West to see the colt run for the first time in the San Vicente, "you couldn't find a better pedigree if you sat down and tried to write one." Majestic Prince is by Raise A Native, a son of Native Dancer who was undefeated in the four races he ran before howing a tendon in 1963. He was topweighted in the Experimental Free Handicap, and Combs later syndicated him for \$2,625,000. Majestic Prince's dam is Gay Hostess, a daughter of Royal Charger and granddaughter of Nearco. Such good balance in breeding impels expert Leon Rasmussen to say: "Majestic Prince could well be one of those exemplary performers who has the speed to beat the best sprinters and the stamina to beat the best stayers. While the strengthening influences in his pedigree are beyond his second generation, they are there and they are there in profusion and classic strength."

"All I know," says Combs, "is that this little chestnut stood up and nursed within 20 minutes of foaling and from then on he was the star of his crop." A year later the dashing chestnut was also the star of the Keeneland summer sales when he was knocked down—for a then-record price of \$250,000—to Combs's longtime friend, Canadian Industrialist Frank McMahon, for whom Longden had often ridden.

Longden nursed his new charge along slowly as a 2-year-old. He didn't start him until late last November at Bay Meadows. With Bill Shoemaker out for a year recuperating from a broken leg,

Longden picked Hartack as his regular jockey and doesn't intend to break up the winning team now. "Hartack really likes this colt," says Longden. "You don't think he'd ask to come out and work this horse in the mornings if he didn't, do you?"

In his second start, on Dec. 26, Majestic Prince had his only close call when he won in a driving finish by a nose over Right Cross, another Combs-bred colt. Right Cross went for \$55,000 to Californians Mr. and Mrs. Bert W. Martin the same day at Keeneland that they were underbidders (\$245,000) for Majestic Prince. The next time the pair met, on Jan. 7, Majestic Prince beat Right Cross (a son of Nashua) by four lengths. Now he has won again, by five lengths, and will likely tune up for the Santa Anita Derby by running in the San Jacinto on Feb. 27 and the San Felipe on March 15. Longden thinks he'll go on and on and says it may be because "he has speed but can be rated. He is not speed crazy. He stands 16 hands, one inch, weighs 1,125 pounds and has perfect balance, beautiful manners and

the kindest disposition you ever saw."

The California opposition for Majestic Prince during the next six weeks does not include a standout colt. Fleet Allied, Mr. Joe F. and, of course, Right Cross are the strongest of the lot at the moment, but there are others who will be heard from between now and the end of March. They include Robert Habbert's Inverness Drive, who lost all chance in the San Vicente when he broke badly. Might, Concerned, Lareny Kid, Salud y Pesetas and Port Arthur. Traditionally optimistic Trainer Charlie Whittingham believes he has a pair of runners for the Howard B. Kecks in Makor (who is by the French stallion Herbager) and Tell, a bay son of Round Table and a Nasrullah mare. "We're playing pretty much of a guessing game at this time of the year," says Whittingham. "None of us knows who can go on and who can't—and that includes Majestic Prince." Nonetheless, none of these colts seems ready to displace the handsome chestnut as the greatest horse Johnny Longden ever saw.

WHITNEY TOWER



The seventh race on Saturday's card at Hialeah is over and Diane Crump has become the first girl to compete against male jockeys

on a major Thoroughbred track. But so large issues were settled here, either. She rode well, but finished 10th in a field of 12

THE BIG LEAGUES SELECT A FAN

Bowie Kuhn, the new commissioner of baseball, has all the expected qualities of leadership. But it comes as a surprise to discover that he knows baseball and that he and his family love the game **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

You could look at the track record and just about figure out exactly what the fifth commissioner of baseball would be like. He would be a WASP of between 58 and 62, and his dark-blue suits would have a hard finish and just a trace of a stripe. His brain would be held together by sealing wax and string and he would wave an American flag,

collect Norman Rockwell paintings and be able, when urged on by intimate friends and just a touch of cooking sherry, to stand by the spit and sing *Trees*. As a compromise choice of the 24 major league owners, he would be certain never to fog up any of their goggles.

Bowie Kuhn, a 42-year-old lawyer who last week accepted the job so inexpertly

held in recent times by Happy Chandler, Ford Frick and General William Eckert, is the antithesis of everything that people expected to find and, while he was selected for a term of only one year at a salary of \$100,000, a betting man would be wise to lay 55 to 50¢ that Kuhn will eventually hold the job for as long as he wants it. After a judge, a governor, a newspaperman and a retired Air Force general, baseball's owners, bless them, finally turned the game over to a fan.

The books on his den shelves in his home in Ridgewood, N.J., tell something about him. There are *The Complete Short Stories of Mark Twain*, *The Public Years* by Bernard Baruch, *Show Biz* by Abel Green and Joe Laurie Jr., *The Russian Revolution*, *Morte d'Urban*, the complete writings of Sir Winston Churchill and, appropriately this week, a book titled *That Man Is You*. He raises roses, likes Puccini and Verdi, but something special stirs inside him when he hears the score from *Damn Yankees*.

From the moment Kuhn was named to the job, he was pictured in the press just as one might have guessed he would be. "I get a great kick out of it," he says. "I am now the Unknown Lawyer; I'm Harvey the rabbit, whom you can't see but know is there." Questioned about the fact that he has been labeled in some quarters as an owner's man, he smiles. "It's an understandable comment. It's not irrational. I will be measured on my performance. Wait and see and measure me on my performance."

As a member of the New York law firm of Willkie, Farr and Gallagher, Kuhn has represented the National League for 20 years and, as one owner said last week, "Bowie is one of the few guys we all ever really listened to and respected." While in that capacity he certainly was unknown to followers of sport, but he was always rec-



Behind Bowie Kuhn's Wall Street facade beats the heart of, yes, a Senators' rooter

ognized in baseball and by some reporters as one of the most sagacious men around. And his knowledge of the complicated details, the paperwork and the playing of the game is boundless.

Numbered among Kuhn's ancestors are two former governors of the state of Maryland and one of the Florida Territory before it achieved statehood. His handsome family is as crazy about baseball as he is and often troops off for games at Yankee and Shea stadiums. The loyalties of the family split to include rooting for the Philadelphia Phillies, the Boston Red Sox, the New York Mets, the Yankees and Kuhn's favorite team, the Washington Senators. While attending Theodore Roosevelt High School in Washington, D.C., he once proved to the basketball coach, Red Auerbach, that despite his height, 6' 5", he was no basketball player.

Kuhn, however, was a baseball fan, and although he promises that he has past allegiance to the Washington Senators will in no way reflect upon his decisions, he is not sanctimonious about the matter. "There will be a deep place in my heart for the Senators always," he concedes.

As a boy, Kuhn worked with a friend in the scoreboard at Griffith Stadium in Washington. The job paid him \$1 a day, and he loved it. "Being able to watch the Senators play and being paid for it was my idea of heaven," he says.

"We'd put up the balls, strikes, outs and the number of the player at bat, and then we'd also post the inning-by-inning scores of the other three games being played in the American League. You could make some drama out of that, particularly when the Yankees were involved. Sometimes you'd put the zero up real quick for the top of an inning and then, if something important happened in the bottom of the inning, you would stall a little bit and push out the number of runs slowly, keeping it pointing up so that only the birds flying overhead could see it. Then you'd drop it down quickly, and you could feel the crowd react."

"There was a gate in right field near the scoreboard and that was the way we got into the park. I'd get there early to watch the players take batting practice. I have always been amazed at the individual skills of big league ballplayers

and, well, sometimes a ball would come out by me and I'd get it. The first player who ever gave me a ball was Wally Judnich of the St. Louis Browns. Once in a while one of the Senators would give me one but not too often. The Washington club, you must realize, was a very sound financial organization.

"I first became aware of something wonderful going on in Washington in 1933 at the age of 7. That was the last time the Senators won a pennant, outside of the writings of Douglass Wallop [author of *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant*, the novel that became the musical *Damn Yankees*, in which a middle-aged man is transformed by sorcery into Joe Hardy, the player who leads the Senators to the championship].

"That pennant started a fire that really took hold of me by 1939. That was the year Dutch Leonard perfected the knuckleball and was 20-8. Buddy Lewis was probably my favorite overall Senator, but I liked a lot of others, too: Al Simmons, Cecil Travis, George Case, Frank Howard. . . ."

During the course of litigation against both football and baseball concerning a charge of antitrust violations brought by a radio network, Kuhn worked closely with Bert Bell, the pro football commissioner. "Bell," Kuhn says, "was able to gather a very considerable amount of power by the force of his personality and by persuasion. He set a pattern that Pete Rozelle has carried on admirably. The job of baseball commissioner still holds as much legal authority as it did during the time of Judge Landis.

"Sometimes we tend to focus too much on what is wrong with baseball. Remember, we start on a very sound foundation with a beautiful game. Before you start to tear down something that has stood for 100 years, you had better examine why it was built in the first place.

"There is an enormous amount of fan interest in the game and, if you doubt it, look at the amount of publicity the 'Unknown Lawyer' has gotten just by being named the new commissioner. The amount of interest in baseball in urban areas is tremendous. Take a look at the television ratings. Since 1963 six of the 10 highest Nielsen ratings for a sporting event have gone to baseball. [The two highest are the fourth games of last

year's Series and the 1963 Los Angeles-New York Series.]

"There has been a lot of criticism of baseball that I was aware of, both as counsel to the National League and as a fan. In my job as counsel it was not my role to remake an image. It is not my intention to take a perfectly constructed game and take wild swings at it. Baseball is soundly constructed with four balls, three strikes, nine innings, three outs to an inning. One of the greatest things that baseball has is the competition between two leagues that culminates in the World Series. Competition on the field is great and so is the speculation as to which league has the better stars and players and teams, but the off-the-field competition is another matter. Often this feeling impairs things and I believe that my election is a step in the right direction. I was nominated by the American League and elected unanimously. I believe that by persuasion and force of personality I can bring about harmony between the leagues and a different approach. I certainly would not have taken the job if I did not believe I was capable of handling the challenge.

"We are looking into rules changes for the game on the field and I am delighted with some of the experiments that will be tried. But only if the fans and professionals find them acceptable will they be adopted. I myself really enjoy watching major league baseball because of the beauty and subtleties of the game. I like the little tricks of the trade, the passing of signs, the way Lou Brock takes a lead off first base, the drama of a tense situation. I find it deeply rewarding and, to be honest, I find it sad when a game has ended. But I have to wonder what the fans as a body want, and I think I can find that out. I wonder about the umpiring situation, and I am going to look into that quickly. It seems to me that you cannot have different applications in each league of the same rule. There are a tremendous number of capable and devoted people in baseball, and I think they need someone to direct their talent. I think I am capable of it."

And it takes one good fan, of course, to know what the others expect. It does not seem likely that the Unknown Lawyer will remain unknown for long. **END**

A NEW GENERATION OF HEROES

Golf's established stars—particularly Jack Nicklaus and Billy Casper—are a long way from over the hill, but their position at the top is menaced by a group of kids to whom a \$25,000 putt means nothing **by DAN JENKINS**

Good God, Arnie will be 40 years old in September. Forty, folks. And let's see. Finst must be 39 now, and Sootch is 41, Rossy's 42, Casper and Venturi are 37, Littler's 38 and everything aches. It's almost a full chorus of where have you gone, Joe DeMaggio? Meaning, of course, those young lions, that new guard of only a moment ago in the flashy 1950s. Can doctors perform a four-wood transplant? Or do we beat on, never trusting a wedge shot over 30? Is the new-guard really here?

We persevere for the time being, of course, but that stout young man spraying giddy blue sand at us from the cover of this magazine—and some others like him—are posing the serious questions. Bob Lunn is the name. Strong, even-tempered, undaunted Bob Lunn, who roared into the establishment of professional tournament golf last year, at 23, with back-to-back victories at Memphis and Atlanta. The others were just as flagrantly surprising. There was sneaky Bob Murphy, aggressive Bob Dickson, quiet Dave Stockton, volatile Tom Wenskopf, little Tony Jacklin, picturesque Ron Cerrudo and, as if the world and El Paso could ever forget, lively, flea-bitten Lee Trevino.

What do they have in common? Oh, well, they went out last year in their rosy 20s, not too far removed from a campus or a driving range, and won themselves a shag bag full of tournaments and something like nine hundred billion dollars while the establishment posed for shirt ads and drank Binaca on the rocks.

The establishment did not immediately form a welfare line, of course. Bill Casper won himself \$205,000, which was more than Ben Hogan made in a lifetime, and Palmer got his \$114,000, and Jack Nicklaus, whose maturity and suc-

cess erase his age, got his usual \$155,000, and old Julius Boros had quite a year, and so did the new middle guard, that experienced group that includes the likes of George Archer, Frank Beard, Bert Yancey, George Knudson. That group.

Everybody was O.K. financially because pro golf is the unending Brink's robbery of sport. Tanned, blazered sponsors push and shove each other to give away money to guys who, were it not for golf, as Jackie Burke once said, might be wearing a tin hat with a light on it waiting for the elevator to go up. But there glisters the tour, as Arnold Palmer invented it a few years ago on television, and here come these youngsters every year to challenge the best and get rich. Some make it, most don't, but last year, in 1968, more good-looking newcomers arrived than at any time since the mid-1950s, when Hogan and Snead and Middelcoff looked over their shoulders and there stood Palmer, Casper, Littler, Venturi, Souhak, Finsterwald—the young lions that most of us relate to.

What happened was that things went along acceptably through last winter, with your Potts, your Dicksons, your Knudsons and even your Arnie at paperbacked Palm Springs, doing their thing with only Tom Wenskopf's win at San Diego to disturb the order. Then here came a Tony Jacklin at Jacksonville, then Bob Lunn, then Trevino at the Open, then Stockton at Cleveland and Milwaukee, then Murphy at Philadelphia and the Thunderbird, and finally Bob Dickson at the Haig and Ron Cerrudo at the Cajun. And golf, excitingly, had a whole new cast of players who could win.

Suddenly, there were 14 players, twice as many as ever before, who won \$100,000, and Trevino, Wenskopf, Murphy, Lunn and Stockton were five of them. Meanwhile, Jacklin got over \$50,000,

Dickson over \$40,000 and Cerrudo just under \$40,000. Combined, they won 13 of last year's 45 official championships.

The tour reached Palm Springs again last week, so what better place could there be to look at golf's new lions? One could observe them amid the Aquanet-scented mountains and deodorized cacti of the California desert that gave us The Racquet Club and was now giving us blue and red bunkers. It seemed true for everyone, especially veterans struggling to earn a buck—guys like Venturi, Doug Ford and Jack Fleck—to ask: Who are these young guys who are grabbing all the money? All except what Casper, who won the Boh Hope last week, hasn't grabbed first?

Well, the main people to know are Lunn, Murphy and Dickson—for several reasons. First, we know Trevino. He pumps gas, sacks your groceries and wins the U.S. Open. He also talks and clowns incessantly, gets in the newspapers a lot and is fast becoming a parody of himself—like Howard Cosell. We know Trevino. We know Tom Wenskopf. Hits it out of sight, groovy wife, fights his temper, in the Army now. We know Stockton a little. He goes to USC, wins the CBS Golf Classic, has a crooked swing but puts like a charmed guru, or, as Jack Nicklaus says, "He makes 10-footers like he's 12 years old, if you know what I mean." We know Stockton. And, according to the establishment, we don't need to know Jacklin and Cerrudo yet because they aren't strong, solid, fierce, positive, intuitive, aggressive and confident—net quite yet—like this Lunn, and this Dickson and this Murphy.

continued

Strident Bob Dickson (sleeping) can hit every shot in his bag well, while Bob Murphy's soft stomach belies a fundamentally solid game.





Here are the real immediate threats to the establishment—Lunn, who can almost drive it up with Nicklaus and is astonishingly straight, and Dickson, who has a sound fundamental game and knows he can beat anybody, and Murphy, who is “sneaky long,” as Dave Marr says, has a good golf head and competes like a middle linebacker.

All three come from big amateur successes, from winning tournaments that are impossible to win, if a man thinks about it at all. Lunn wins the U.S. Public Links title when he's 18, and to do that you have to beat a grand collection of course thieves who hide behind goofy swings, shoot the lights out and win your home, wife, kids, freezer and saxophone. Murphy wins the U.S. Amateur when he's still in college in Florida and a year later wins the NCAA over all of those Houston assassins. And all Dickson does is go out and in the same year, 1967, win both the U.S. and British amateurs. No one had done it since Lawson Little in 1935.

“You've got to know that guys like this come out here with pretty good experience to start with, and confidence, too,” says Casper. “The thing that strikes me about them is they already seem to have learned, or understand, the most important thing about the tour. Patience. You've got to be patient. They play their own game and wait for the putts to fall. That's what you have to do, especially when you start out.”

“Thank positive,” says Nicklaus, “that's a key thing, and so far as I know about these new guys, they do that.”

“Play your own game,” Palmer says. “Don't go around trying to adjust your swing to a type of course. A few new players come along every year. But if you lined up all of the young ones on the practice tee and looked at whose swing or action you liked, I think most people would probably pick out Dickson and Lunn first. But, of course, a swing doesn't always matter, either.”

Nicklaus got a trifle more specific. “Murphy, for example, has a very good golf mind, a maturity. He's deceptively long, he plays his game, a fade, and he's pretty steady. He doesn't make glaring mistakes. Lunn has that enviable

combination of length and accuracy. He'll walk up to a narrow par 4, take out the driver and bang it right down there. Dickson is just solid all the way through the bag. Probably a little more so than the others right now.”

Bob Lunn more closely resembles Nicklaus than anyone else, if you put a hat on him. He has brown hair—the brown bear, all right?—with creeping sideburns. He's 6' 1" and 210, with a sloping midsection, a pulling guard that's one year out of the game. He has a bit of an upright swing, and the trajectory is high. On the average, he'll trail Nicklaus by 10 yards off the tee with the driver. His aplomb is much like Jack's. Unruffled by a bad shot, he has a fine even temperament, and he believes that he started doing well after an initial year of winning only \$1,000 because he looked around at what was going on.

“I noticed that all anyone did was drive down the fairway and knock the ball on the green, just like me,” he says. “You realize that you have to put it to win, so you wait. Winning is a great tonic. At first you just want to make a living doing the thing you love. But then you're fortunate enough to win, so you think about winning every week.”

Lunn is from San Francisco, the son of an ex-motorcycle cop, a guy who never wanted to do anything but play golf, and whose family let him and encouraged him, a guy with a tie-up with a tomato juice company the way Al Geiberger is tied up with peanut butter and Trevino is tied up with Dr. Pepper and Nicklaus and Palmer are tied up with money. He isn't going to wisecrack his way to fame, but his big game might just take him there.

Murphy, 26, has the best chance of becoming a tour character along with being a sound player. He's fat, for one thing, and cherub-faced, and has already started collecting newspaper adjectives like jolly and fun-loving. Winning in the East was a big thing for him. He quickly attracted a group in the galleries that called themselves “Murph's clam.” He wore a lot of green for the luck of the Irish and he spoke frankly to the Eastern press, which has a tendency to think everybody with a Southern accent is a character. He said he was a good putter: “I hardly ever miss from four feet.” He said he was good with a nine-iron and wedge: “I spent a year at Florida in a trap.”

And he confessed he couldn't hit long irons. “I hit 'em fat. They don't go chink, and I'm always short,” he said. Murphy the character. He was born in Brooklyn, but he grew up in Florida, he shot pool like Doug Sanders (“Good pool players are good putters,” he says), and he played all of the other sports. When he settled on golf, he attacked it, slaved over it, and here he is. If he continues to be a winner, he is in great danger of becoming known as, oh, the tour's Jackie Gleason.

As different as Lunn and Murphy are different is Bob Dickson. He completes the biggeographical triangle—California to Florida to Oklahoma. Tall and well built, mannerly, pleasant, talkative, peeking at you through glasses under a dark blond Brutus haircut, Dickson, a collegiate star at Oklahoma State, gets down on his hands and knees and examines the game he plays.

“You know the first thing you have to learn?” he says. “Not to be so strong. As an amateur, you know, you're out there trying to hit 160-yard wedge shots. The thing as a pro is to learn to hit soft shots, like 140-yard six-irons.”

Dickson, who is 24, says winning the Hag sort of slipped up on him late in the year after he turned pro in May. He was playing along pretty well, he thought, and suddenly he had won a tournament. “I think the experience of college and amateur golf prepared me real well. I've been competing for a long time. Of course, it's different on the tour. Much, much tougher, naturally. But I can play golf, I know that. You have to learn to play within yourself. You have to learn how to play a greater variety of shots, but that doesn't mean altering your grip or your swing. All I've done is watch and study the temperament of the top players. I go into every round determined to try and hit 16 greens or so, and if the putts drop I'll do well. The aggravating thing for all of us, Casper or anybody, is to play real good and shoot 73. When you learn to live with that, you're a pro.”

Bob Dickson has proved he can do that. So has Bob Murphy. So has Bob Lunn. They've proved it early. The community of the pro tour knows them well if the public doesn't. And one of these days, maybe, as sure as Arnie's hip hurts, we may look through a giant spray of red and blue bunker sand and see a new big three of golf.

END

Any of the young golfers who seek to become the best must get by Jack Nicklaus, who at 39 may be headed for his finest year ever



Strutting devil Larry Cannon, here intimidating Villanova's Fran O'Hanlon, showed Saturday that he had become a thorough student of defense.

ON TOP WITH NO PLACE TO GO

La Salle, led by Philadelphia's practicing legend, Tom Gola, trounced Villanova to become the East's leading team. But the Explorers are on probation and the season ends at West Chester **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Before the Spectrum, before Princess Grace, even before Frankie Avalon and Fabian and the other dreamy rockers came out of the south side with their peg pants and their white shoes, Philadelphia had Tom Gola. The early '50s was the chosen time for the demigods of sport in that city. There was Chuck Bednark, old concrete Charlie, who had come down from the steel mills of Bethlehem to become a star at Penn and to go both ways for the Eagles. There was Robin Roberts, off a Midwestern farm and the Michigan State campus, to fire nothing but strikes and win 20 every year for the Whiz Kid Phillies. But not they, not anyone,

ever touched the legend of Tom Gola.

Tom Gola of La Salle is Philadelphia's one and only genuine folk hero partly because he is the city's own. He grew up, the son of a cop, 20 blocks from his school. He enrolled there in 1951, and for four years excelled on the basketball court with the grace, flair and sheer all-round excellence that to this day are the standards by which all others are judged. While Gola was at La Salle the Explorers won 102 games, finished first in the NIT and first in the NCAA, then second in the NCAA. No Philadelphia can ever forget the sound of the public-address system at Convention Hall whenever Tom Gola scored another deuce

"Gologol, Gologol, Gologol," it would scream. What man was on an NCAA and NIT and an NBA championship team? "Arnie Ferns of Utah and the Minneapolis Lakers and me," says Tom Gola. "How about that?"

Last Saturday night the sandy crew cut was gone, replaced by waves with the part on the right and some streaks of gray. The famous black sleeves of the old uniform were also gone, changed to a pinstripe suit and handsome cravat. The man is a licensed real-estate agent now, an insurance salesman and the distinguished Representative in the state legislature of the 170th District of Pennsylvania (northeast Philadelphia).



Coach Tom Gola and an Explorer briefly but fervently copage in the "No, I'm not!" protest.

But he is once again Gola of La Salle—in his first season as coach.

Last week, as easily as he introduced a resolution that would "investigate rumors of irregularities and conflicts of interest" in the city's housing and redevelopment authorities, Tom Gola presented for national consideration his La Salle basketball team. It is not only his first team but, with a record of 18-1, the first team in the East, too. In what surely must have been Philadelphia's biggest college game in years, La Salle's devastating run-rabbit-run attack, as in the days of old, turned back Villanova 74-67.

However loaded with excitement, the week was only an average one for Representative Gola. Since Jan. 7, the day he began his second term, the state legislature has met each Monday and Tuesday, a circumstance that normally forces Gola to be absent from Monday practice. On that first day of the week he drives 100 miles to Harrisburg to wait upon the Republican caucus and

go over the calendar. He stays overnight in the capital, attends a usually short session on Tuesday, then drives back to Philadelphia in time to meet with his team. Last Wednesday morning he attended to his insurance business in the Philadelphia suburb of Fort Washington before driving another two hours to Easton, where that night La Salle ran to an easy victory over Lafayette. The next day Gola met with more business associates and attended a basketball luncheon and a political dinner before fulfilling still another appointment with the ever-fawning press. He did not get home to his wife and 9-year-old son until 2 o'clock the next morning. Friday held much of the same routine, and on Saturday, in addition to the big game, Gola was to experience his first taste of the rite that is the eternal bone of all coaches: the entertainment of visiting high school players.

"I don't know how he does it, physically," says Curt Fromat, the assistant

coach. "His schedule is inhuman. It isn't the many jobs so much as it is the people who want to see him. Everybody wants something from Tom."

"Weekends are for the family, so I have to skip those 9-to-12 Communion breakfasts," laughs Gola. "But I knew what I was getting into. I had to try this. La Salle was going downhill. Organization had broken down. I wanted to make basketball important again."

La Salle basketball had come upon difficult times. Despite a 20-8 record and an NCAA bid last season, the team still had the look of a group of waifs. A trio of talented seniors—Larry Cannon, Bernie Williams and Stan Wlodarczyk—had met at a series of high school all-star games, and with a fourth man, 6'9" Isaiah King, were recruited to La Salle in 1965 by Bob Walters with the prospect of challenging for the national title for three years. But before the season even opened, Walters retired because of ulcers. King flunked out of school during

continued

his freshman year and never returned. The new coach, Joe Heyer, a freshly scrubbed 27-year-old who once had to be okayed by a student in order to be served a beer, was not prepared for the job. Recognizing his inexperience and inability to handle the pressure, he resigned after his second year.

Next to come was Jim Harding, a whip and sword guy who spread terror with his manner and who in past times, it is said, was regularly hung in effigy at another school by his own players. He resigned after one year to coach in the pros. That's when Gola came back on the scene, but it was not much of a scene. In October the school was slapped with a two-year NCAA probation from postseason play because of fostering illegal campus jobs and threatening to dispossess scholarship players of their scholarships. The NCAA has since made the latter indiscretion legal, not that that has deducted from the school's loss.

"I could have accepted a one-year probation willingly," Gola says. "But I don't agree with two. Everyone concerned with the infractions is gone, and here are these innocent kids with only one place to go. We play our last game at West Chester."

The La Salle players are not exactly resigned to their fate. "If we had been just an average team it wouldn't have meant so much," says Cannon. "But we knew from the start we were better than that. The first year I thought Heyer could have taken advantage of his age, but he was self-conscious with us and worried about getting too close. In airports he would go to the extreme and stand on the other side of the terminal by himself, just to keep away from us."

"I always defended Harding because he was so devoted," Cannon says. "But he would frighten most of the guys. Roland Taylor would be shaking half the time he played, worried about making a mistake. Everyone was dissatisfied then, and we were happy to see Harding go. Coach Gola came and we were up, and then the probation came and we were down. It was like an assassination."

"After the probation," Bernie Williams says, "Coach told us we could lie down and die or play it tough. We decided right then we would like to leave some people wondering what we could have done."

Formerly, La Salle teams had them-

selves as well as their coaches to blame. For the most part they were all shooters who needed the ball. The ball, of course, was not readily available. The key La Salle play, so the story goes, was to pass inbounds off a teammate's knee, grab the ball back and tommy-gun it up for two. And the defense? Local players used to fight each other to match up against the La Salle defense.

For Gola, raised on the teachings of Ken Loeffler, who insisted on balance and teamwork, and an outstanding defenseman for the New York Knickerbockers, all this was painful.

"When I took the job defense was No. 1," says Gola. "They had the talent to score—hell, Cannon and Williams are sure bets in the pros—but a guy like Cannon had never played defense in his life. He was a problem at first. I told him if he was a sophomore he'd never play for me. I wouldn't take the stuff he was handing out. But I knew what these kids had been through."

"He is a hard man to get close to," says Cannon, "and I didn't think he was handling us the right way. But we have been winning, so he is right."

With the addition of 6' 7" Ken Durrett, a mobile sophomore who is leading the team in scoring and rebounds, La Salle has been honed by Gola into a team of remarkable speed, quickness and symmetry. Now the Explorers play strictly a "man" defense, and they do it with verve. Cannon and Williams are improved defensively. Wlodarczyk, 6' 6", guards the opposition's best big man, while Taylor has become the top defensive guard in the East.

On offense, with Cannon and Williams giving as well as taking the ball now, La Salle is more effective. To provide scoring chances for all, Gola has installed the old weave, and La Salle sets up only when faced by a zone. But the fast break, started by Durrett's moves off the board, is the trump card. La Salle runs and runs some more, probably better than any Eastern team since the days of Guy Rodgers and Hal Lear at Temple. "Oh, does La Salle run," says one Philadelphia man. "I get windburn every time I see La Salle run."

Discipline and the importance of the Explorer bench were evident early in the season on La Salle's trip to Niagara. Gola had suspended Cannon for missing the team bus (his third rule violation of the year) and without Cannon

or Taylor, who had the flu, La Salle missed its first 12 shots and fell behind 10-0. The Explorers trailed by nine at halftime, then came on to win 88-73 as Fran Daugherty held Calvin Murphy down and Ed Szczeny, another reserve, totaled 18 points and 14 rebounds. Going into the Villanova game, La Salle's only loss was to South Carolina in the finals of the Quaker City Holiday Tournament.

Faced with a much more demanding schedule, Villanova, 15 miles up the Main Line, had played about as well as expected, the Wildcats were coming off probably their biggest victory yet, an 83-78 overtime win at home against St. John's just four nights earlier. Always a leader in defensive strategy, this year Coach Jack Kraft finally had some offensive mortars, too. The Wildcats were scoring almost 10 points more a game than last season, mostly because of Howard (Bud, Ed, Willie, Geezer—pick one) Porter, a precocious 6' 8" rookie forward who was averaging 23 points and 13 rebounds a game. Porter got his many names in preseason notices, none correct, and the Villanova publicity people are not doing much to help clarify matters. Because Porter wanders way out for his shot, which is distinguished by a spectacular arc, now they are trying to nickname him Howard (Rainbow) Porter.

Senior Johnny Jones, the Wildcats' other forward, is just 6' 4". But he was born on the baseline and shoots his shots on the inside, with his right elbow pointing due west from his body and the ball behind his ears. Rainbow Porter and Due West Jones, both up to Philly from the Florida Everglades, provide the Wildcats with a powerful, albeit unbalanced, scoring attack.

Villanova had lost twice this season to North Carolina in a New York Holiday Festival game refereed with no skill and much buffoonery, and to Penn in a deep freeze, 32-30. Four nights before the Penn contest, however, Kraft had his most anxious moments in a game against St. Joseph's. Struggling for a loose ball, Porter unleashed an elbow that caught teammate Jones flush in the face, shattering his glasses and sending him to the hospital, where 10 stitches were needed to close the cuts beneath his eye. Partially stunned by what he had done to Jones, Porter scored 36 points against St. Joe, and on Friday night Frank Gillen, the Villanova leader, was saying he might do the same

continued

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against La Salle. "Porter will keep them off the fast break," he said. "If we hit the offensive boards and stop them from running, it's all over."

On Saturday in the Palestra the battle for Philadelphia began as expected, with La Salle trying to run away and hide before the Wildcats could set up their zone. Williams and Wlodarczyk got into foul trouble early, but La Salle still took a 23-17 lead midway through the first half when Williams scored eight straight points. Regrouping after Gillen had left the game with an injured knee, the Wildcats scored nine straight points as Jones broke free to convert a couple of loose balls. The Explorers looked confused on defense for a while until they began to run again. Two fast breaks gave them a 34-33 lead at halftime.

With Gillen back in and with Porter becoming effective as more La Salle men fouled, Villanova took the lead 42-33 with 15:30 left in the game. But here Gola switched the man so long scorned, Larry Cannon, onto Jones. It was an important gesture. Jones, when it counted, was to score only one basket off Cannon the rest of the way.

La Salle got moving on the break again to score 10 points and go to a 48-42 advantage, which it held for six minutes until Porter brought Villanova back all by himself, tallying 10 straight points in one stretch. Villanova trailed by just two, 63-61, with 3:45 left in the game.

The Wildcat zone came out higher now to get the ball, but La Salle's Ed Szczesny, who had replaced Wlodarczyk, rebounded for two points. Jones then missed the first of a crucial one-and-one foul opportunity, and when La Salle brought the ball down again Williams flashed a pass underneath to Durrett, who leaped high to stuff the ball and (almost) Jones, who had fouled him, into the basket. The sophomore finished the three-pointer for a 68-61 margin and the Wildcats never got closer.

Villanova is still a force to be reckoned with in the NCAA tournament, but the Explorers own Philadelphia and Cannon cut the net to prove it. "Still they haven't won anything," a man said of La Salle. Cannon grudgingly agreed. "I wish Villanova well," he said. "But we could have gone all the way. I know it now." Right then it seemed almost a tragedy that Tom Gola and the poor little quick kids of La Salle have no place to go but West Chester. **END**

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SNARLING TRACTORS AND NO TALLYHO

A winter fox hunt in Minnesota has one thing in common with the British variety—a fox. In the cold snowy country an airplane is the hound pack and a snowmobile the horse by **ROBERT F. JONES**

*One Fox on foot more diversion will bring
Than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants on wing.*

—EGERTON WARBURTON

The old dog fox lay dozing in his covert, snugly wrapped in his red brush as he dreamed slow dreams of mice and grouse and the plump, warm rabbits that seemed to have fled the land. Then, through the drift of toothsome images, came a sound that spelled danger: the raucous approach of a hunt. But this

MASTER OF THE HUNT MARVIN CARROLL AND PILOT HUBERT JACOBSON, SURROUNDED BY MACHINES, INSPECT THEIR FURRY TROPHY



was frosty Minnesota, not merrie England, and the clamor that snapped the fox's ears erect was neither the bugling of hounds nor the brazen wailing of a huntsman's horn. Instead he heard the tremulous tantivy of a dozen unsmuffed snowmobile engines and the snarl of a circling plane. The Atkin hunt was afield, with ice on its eyebrows and vulpecide in its heart.

Minutes earlier the hunt had saluted forth from the Atkin airport parking lot, a motley assemblage of butter-yel-

low Ski-Doos, red Rupp Sno-Sports, blue and white Polaris Mustangs and black Scorpions. Their tanklike treads churned a fine white chop behind them as the sleds roared toward a rendezvous where the spotter plane had located the fox. A cutting southwest wind had moderated, and the temperature—25° below the night before—was up to zero, yielding a halcyon day despite the snow flurries. Leaving one man afoot to guard the road with a shotgun, the huntsmen vaulted up the roadside bank into the deep snow, then angled in file along a hedgerow, which masked their movements from the fox's keen eyes. The plane, a blue and white Champion mounted with skis, dipped and wheeled above the covert, and the sleds turned abreast to drive their prey into the open. Then they charged: thumbs down on the throttle triggers, each man erect over the saddle, the skis bucking and the spindrift whipping against their faces, eyes crimped against clouds of exhaust and bits of snow crust. There were sudden gestures as the fox broke cover, but not a man yelled, "Tallyho!" Engine noise would have drowned the ancient cry even if some Atkin huntsman were demonstrative enough to utter it.

Simply stated, the aim of the chase was death to the fox by one of three means. Easiest and least rewarding would be to drive the fox into range of the roadside gunner, who would drop him with a Magnum load of No. 4 shot from his 12-gauge pump gun. Messier but more challenging would be to ride the fox down and pin him beneath the cleats—relatively unwounded in the soft snow—so that he could be clubbed to death at leisure. To that end, the huntsmen carried bats, tire irons and lengths of rubber hose loaded with metal. Most daring of all would be to roar up behind the running predator, grab him by the brush and brain him against a convenient tree or fence post.

This fox preferred none of the three fates available to him. He pelted away in long, arcing leaps for a nearby woodlot, his tail streaming grandly behind him. Though the machines had superior speed in the straightaways (up to 30 mph), the fox possessed all the open-field moves of a furry Gale Sayers. For nearly 20 minutes the animal had the best of the race. Three times he circled through the woodlot, leaving riders stalled and cursing in the brushy draws

or spilled in chilly humiliation when their sleds hit hidden tree stumps. Then, as if contemptuous of his pursuers, the fox cut into the open. One sled bore down on him, the driver leaning hard to the left as he made his grab for the tail, his right thumb gunning the throttle—a narrow miss. Cutting for cover with a quick little zig-out, the fox bounded toward the ridge. An instant too late he spotted the gunner standing at the roadside and cut back toward the dense brush. The crump of the gun flattened the fox in the snow, his long-fanged jaws open, his lips curled in a reddening rictus.

"He could have gone to ground anytime he wanted," said one of the riders. "There's dens all over the place around here." Another hefted the animal. "He's an old 'un—look at the trap scars on his legs!" The plane swooped low over the field, then dipped its wings in salute as the pilot headed off to search out a new target. Someone passed around a bottle and, while the huntsmen enjoyed their stupor cup, snow drifted lightly into the fox's open mouth.

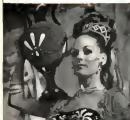
There is no denying that a hunt by snowmobile is both grueling and thrilling. The frigid temperatures, the elusiveness of the prey, the tracky winter light, the ditches and rocks and hidden barbed-wire fences encountered in the chase all combine to make a snowmobile hunt no easy piece of slaughter. Yet though it is sporty, is it truly sporting? In the ethics of the hunt (an element that many animal lovers consider a contradiction in terms) purists condemn any use of artificial motive power, polar-bear hunts by helicopter, lion hunts by Land Rover, deer hunts by swamp buggy are all regarded as anathema. Many state game departments forbid the harassment of any animal by motor vehicles, and the most enlightened are even considering a ban on snowmobile use for bounty hunting. "It's a cruel way of doing things," says Conservationist W. L. R. Rollmann of Wisconsin's natural resources department. "It's a pretty inhumane way of having sport."

By contrast, the adherents of the snowmobile chase, and of the machine itself, offer many arguments in its favor. Old English fox hunting, they point out, ended with the hounds ripping the fox to tatters, and the lead dog making off with the "mask," i.e., the fox's gnawed head. And, if the alternative to varmint hunt-

continued



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Hotel & Country Club, Las Vegas, Nevada

ing by snowmobile is trapping, which fate is crueler: A heated chase that terminates in sudden death or a night of panic and misery in the jaws of a steel trap? Even those snowmobile hunters who, like the English, respect the fox are likely to place more value in the chase than they place discredit in the kill. Bob Allison, the Minnesota Twins' outfielder, has hunted foxes by snowmobile for more than three years. He always folks with a rifle and contends that the fox has a better than even chance of escape. "What are outdoor lovers and hunters to do in winters like this?" he asks. "Sit inside by the fire and look at television?"

There is plenty of television in Atkin, Minn. (pop. 1,829), a town about as distant—across the longitudes of culture—from the English fox-hunting capital of Melton Mowbray as Davy Crockett stood from Queen Victoria. A weathered farm-and-fishing crossroads some 150 miles north of Minneapolis, Atkin huddles below the corkscrew bends of the Upper Mississippi in a rolling land of beef and dairy farms, second-growth woodlots and lakes rich with fish. Its name, like that of such surrounding hamlets as Culer and Hassman, Malm and Dad's Corner, clips the ear with the no-nonsense ring of the Northern frontier.

On a winter's day in Atkin, with the thermometer on the red brick bank building showing a steady sub-zero, a visitor walking from Vern's Bar & Grill (billiards) to Fred's Cafe can raise a bumper crop of scicles on his mustache (if he is fool enough to wear one). In Fred's itself he can turn on to the country-and-western music moaning from the jukebox, tune in on a grunt-by-grunt account of last night's wrestling match with McGregor High or drop out on the next Greyhound to Duluth (Fred's doubles as the local bus stop). Then again, he can wheel out his snowmobile and go hunting with the local gentry.

These are no pink-coated dukes and duchesses but rather a crew of wind-burned mechanics, miners, telephone linemen, Hereford growers, automobile dealers and kids in love with speed. In pursuit, if not in demeanor, they share a common bond with Jorrocks, the fictive master of fox hounds in R. S. Surtees' 19th-century novels. As Jorrocks said of his prey: "In the summer I loves

him with all the hardour of affection: not an 'air of his beautiful 'ead would I 'urt; the sight of him is more glorious than the Lord Mayor's show, but when the autumn comes then dash my vig how I loves to pursue him to destruction." Ditto the huntsmen of Atkin.

"I hold no brief for the fox," says Marvin Carroll, who serves as *de facto* master of the Atkin hunt. "In temperament he's half dog and half cat—with the worst traits of both. He's sneaky and he tortures his prey," Carroll, 51, is a blue-eyed, churchgoing outdoorsman built like a pine stump. He works for the telephone company, but his true vocation is the extermination of the fox.

"Twenty years ago you rarely saw a fox around here," he says. "We had small game galore then: partridge, sharp-tail grouse, pheasants, rabbits. Then they started turkey farming near Atkin and the foxes came in. Now the game bird population is way down and you almost never see a rabbit." Carroll also claims that foxes are indirectly responsible for a high deer kill by "brush wolves" (coyotes). "The wolf kills a weak deer, eats some of the meat and caches the rest. Along comes Mr. Fox and digs it up. The wolf has to kill again, sooner than he might have otherwise."

Few naturalists would deny that the fox is an accomplished thief and a voracious eater of carrion. Some do, however, dispute the fox's reputation as a murderer of game birds. A New York conservation department study in the central part of the state some years ago determined that the ruffed grouse population fluctuated in keeping with its own cycle of highs and lows despite an abundance or dearth of foxes in the area. Naturalist Adolph Mure, who spent many years studying the foxes and other animals of Alaska's Mt. McKinley Park, depicts the animal primarily as a diner on mice and ground squirrels, with a dietetically balanced taste for blueberries as a change of pace. Many states have taken the fox off the "vermin" list and eliminated the bounty placed on his head. Carroll and his Atkin cohorts would like to see the Minnesota fox bounty restored. As it is, they get only \$7.50 to \$10 for each fox pelt they take (about 100 a year), and a bounty would greatly enhance the popularity of the chase.

The Atkin hunt also pursues coyotes

continued

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whenever it can (though the price paid for "wolf" pelts rarely exceeds \$51. Other snowmobile hunters tackle the true timber wolf in the upper reaches of the state. Don Hanson, 40, a mechanic with the Wood Implement Co., tells of an impromptu wolf hunt near Bemidji:

"My uncle was hopping through the woods when he bounced this timber wolf bitch. He chased her back and forth across a mile-wide field for nearly an hour before she was played out. Finally she fell down in the snow. He didn't have a gun with him but he'd seen this heavy stack in the snow while he was chasing her. He got it and came back to club her to death. But when she showed those choppers he had second thoughts. Luckily a friend who'd heard the chase came by on his Arctic Cat with a pistol."

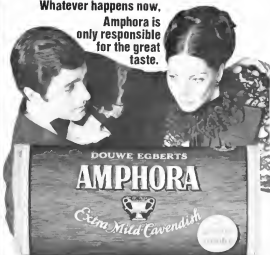
Bloodthirsty as they sound, the hunters of Aitkin have a true concern for the preservation of wildlife. Even Marvin Carroll admits that the unrestricted spraying of insecticides probably has more to do with the decline of game birds than does the fox. And he speaks with pride of a deer-rescue operation conducted by Aitkin snowmobilers during the severe winter of 1965, when deep snows sentenced the deer to death by starvation and pneumonia.

"A couple of the guys went into the woods on snowshoes, while a plane spotted the deer yards for them from the air. They marked the worst-hit herds and then went in the next day on snowmobiles dragging toboggans. They'd come up on these dying deer—too weak to get up—and lift them just as gentle onto the toboggans. They took out a dozen or more, gave them each a heavy shot of penicillin and warm milk. All of them pulled through except one doe who gave birth to two fawns before she died."

So how does one judge the morality of the snowmobile hunter? By his engine or by his heart? Each bends as fiercely as the other, and the mixture of fuels produces both a soul-stirring noise and a whiff of pollution. Perhaps only when the fox is gone and the chase is over will the judgment become clear. Before then, it might well behoove the hunters of Aitkin to heed the dactylic advice of Egerton Warburton. After all, one can always stock pheasants, but who has stocked foxes?

END

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LES GIRLS IN DES MOINES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB PETERSON

Comes March and most of Iowa is in a frenzy over the state high school basketball finals—for girls. The young women pack the house in the capital city with their furious play, then depart as the boys take over—before fewer fans.

Phenomenal scorer Denise Long—who as a junior got 93 points in her opening game of the '88 tournament—was almost as devastating against Pocahontas and Everly. In the final, as she led Union-Whitten to the Iowa state title.





Gunner Jeanette Olson of Everly (left) fired a graceful one-hander in semifinals.



Time-out advice of Everly's Larry Johnson (top) had the U-W bench (right) on edge.



Strain of the overtime final was just too much for one Everly Cattlefeeder (right).





IT SEEMS PEOPLE GET OVEREXCITED

"This is what I've wanted all my life," wailed Denise Long as she accepted the winners' trophy for Union-Whitten, Denise, a junior and 16 when she played in her first Iowa state high school basketball finals last year, looks like a Grant Wood portrait—until she moves. Then she is all swiftness and grace. In a pre-game radio show Denise was asked how she would advise a girl who wants to play basketball. "You gotta start shooting baskets," she said, in her flinty truck-driver's voice, "and you gotta like the game. You gotta like it an awful lot."

There are in Iowa 22,000 girls who like the game an awful lot—enough, anyway, to keep Cinderella hours through the winter weekends. Many of the girls, born into farm families, grow up well conditioned for the game's physical demands. They learn to detassel corn and walk beams as soon as they can tie their sneakers, and just as early they are shooting at the homemade baskets they have rigged on barns and in backyards of rural towns like Gowrie, Farragut and Pocahontas. And if they have really practiced they make it to Des Moines, the capital, where the 16 high school teams that have won district titles meet in Veterans Memorial Auditorium amid chaos and exuberance that seem like a state fair and a World Series rolled into one. For hotelmen, florists and other merchants of Des Moines, the week is the biggest of the year.

It certainly is the tensest. One day last March, 11 persons had to be revived in the first-aid station. Captain Blake Walker of the auditorium's fire-rescue squad has one explanation for the frenzy. "Folks are more concerned about girls," he said. "They don't like to see girls poked on . . . and then it's the way the tournament is put on. Everything builds up right from the start—first with those bands playing when the people come in; then the half time shows. It seems people just get overexcited."

Other people think the reason is simply Wayne Cooley, organizer of the tournament and the John Rangling of girls' basketball in Iowa. Cooley demands that the girls "measure up to high standards of appearance, competition and responsibility." They do, the people come and the boys are all but ignored. "It's kinda sad," said a girl from Parkersburg. "Everybody comes to see the girls play and then leaves when the boys come on."

Although the girls play on only half a court, the action is no less violent or fast than in the boys' game, and it may be more difficult to referee. "You work harder on account of the half-court area," says Referee Charlie O'Brien. "The ball follows through faster than the boys can work it across the center."

The distinction was merely academic last year. The real point was the long-awaited confrontation between the stars of top-seeded Evely and second-seeded Union-Whitten, Miss Olson, Meet Miss Long, one newspaper headlined when the two teams made it to the finals. It was like saying, "Mr. Maravich, Meet Mr. Murphy." Jeanette Olson, 18, was playing in her second and last high school state finals. She had averaged 59.4 points in 29 games. Denise Long had averaged 62.7 points in 31 games. Both girls had already set tournament scoring records: Jeanette with 74 points, Denise topping her a day later with 93.

The night of the final game a hush enveloped the arena as the two girls were introduced—to each other. Overcome by the emotion of it all, Jeanette and Denise fell into each other's arms. The game was hardly an anticlimax. Records fell, the scoreboard went out of its mind and so did the crowd as U-W finally pulled ahead in a delirious overtime to upset Evely 113-107. "Jeanette Olson [76 points] won the battle but Denise Long [64 points] won the war. . . ." began the story in next morning's paper.

This month the tournament starts again and, barring a stunning upset, Union-Whitten and Miss Long, who has upped her average to 67.2 points a game, will be back to defend their title.

The boys? They will be watching, along with everybody else.

—ROSE MARY MEEHON

The winners' trophy safely in hand after the final, U-W's Cobras whoop it up and Miss Long signals they're No. 1.



A STABLE FULL OF DREAMS

These are the days when grooms look at untrained colts and see Hambletonian winners. Nowhere does hope soar higher than along the shedrow of Joe O'Brien's farm in California by **PAT RYAN**

For a groom January and February are the months of promise. The 2-year-olds are sleek, fat and unscarred and, as with children, one can have hopes and dreams for them. Awkwardly the colts find their racing gait; hoppers burn hides, and the grooms put baby powder on ankle boots to ease the chafing. Young trotters balk and huck in the shafts and sometimes sit down in a sulk on the track, literally sit down on their haunches, which is a familiar position for a man, or even a dog, but somehow ridiculous for a horse.

Such antic scenes as this have been going on morning after morning the past few weeks at the training stable of Joe O'Brien, who runs a serene and purposeful operation in the San Joaquin Valley of California. Two Hambletonian winners have been schooled by O'Brien as well as the winners of almost \$5 million in the last 10 years, and more failures, too, than one might care to think about. This is a place where horses come for discipline, and men—the grooms—come to find the various but apparently significant pleasures of involvement with racing animals and racing.

The O'Brien farm, a minuscule 40

acres, lies in the reclaimed desert northwest of Bakersfield where irrigation has made an abundant land. Cotton (three bales to an acre), alfalfa (seven cuttings a year), vineyards and orange groves stretch away to the horizon. Oil wells jut from the shoulders of highways or pump fortunes from abandoned parking lots. But, for all its richness, the farming community has simple tastes—a millionaire's home may be a one-story prefab on a patch of ground, and has few ribs and fatback.

In January wet fog lies about Shafter, Calif., the site of the farm. The vineyards are leafless and cold brown. But O'Brien's 1969 crop is in the barn, and the stable's 29 grooms are busy speculating in racehorse futures. They endlessly analyze the gait and temperament of the 35 new colts and fillies. They know their sale prices and their pedigrees. Their attitude toward the animals they work with (each groom tends two horses) is as prejudiced as that of any sports fan. "I used to hate to get up in the morning to groom her daddy," one remarks of a filly joggling past. "Yeah, I decided to quit if she was that mean," says another.

"Did you see Starmoon go this morning?" a young groom asks. "Joe says he might be a real good colt."

"Aw, he tells that to everyone," an oddtimer says. "He likes to keep your self-confidence up so you work harder."

A groom named Ray Dorn is looking at three horses working through the fog along the backstretch. They move into the turn, the drivers sitting still as sculpture. "Now watch my filly come home," Dorn shouts. "She'll go good from there. When I take her out to jog I always brush her round the turn. She's going to be a stretch finisher. See, see. Here she comes." As the filly trots to the front, Dorn whoops. "I won another heat. I won \$15 last year from these boys betting in the morning on the horses. I rubbed. Of course it didn't add up to much. If I won \$3 I'd spend a huck-fifty of it taking the driver to lunch. What you do is get together with the driver the night before and say, 'Hey, Tommy, look, I've got to win tomorrow morning.'"

These men that the race public never sees, working in dark, hushed paddocks distant from the strobe-lit grandstands, have their stake, their enthusiasm

(continued)



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and a folklore. Working on O'Brien's shedrow are Lucille Ball's former mailman, a high school music teacher and the owner of a copper mine. A man named Libertus Van Bokkelen, who sold scarves in Saks Fifth Avenue, mucks out stalls. There is a Flying Tiger crewman who says he is a friend of Madame Chiang Kai-shek and a onetime banker who remembers studying Milton's sonnets as a junior at Hotchkiss and writing his own sambi pentameters and heroic couplets. A *Sonnet to a Dollar Bill* was his best verse—his English master read it in class. Later, as a banker, he commuted to New York from socially swank Greenwich, Conn.

Grooms have past performances as varied as those of the horses they tend, but on the track their days fall into a pattern. They move with the horses from Saratoga to Goshen to Carlisle to Bloomsburg as the seasons change, but the quiet rhythm of the backstretch remains much the same—the beat of hooves in the morning and the lull of long afternoons in the heavy shade of stable awnings. At the fairs—Springfield, Du Quoin, Delaware—someone will tie a puppy to a stable post knowing it will attract young girls in the crowds that wander through the barns. Or a groom offers to show a pretty girl a horse with a golden tooth. There is laughter and banter and, invariably, the stories that begin, "I knew a horse once. . . ." They prescribe old cures—egg yolks, Listerine and an elastic bandage for an injured knee; opium for colic. There are poker games and a flush of ribald camaraderie. At night the men ball up paper in a bucket, light it and grill chops or chicken. Maybe corn and potatoes.

* Most grooms measure achievement in the tick of a stopwatch. "You can get as much satisfaction out of a horse finishing second, third or fourth as winning," one explains. "Perhaps you've stood your mare in a brook every afternoon for a month to cool her legs, and finally she's sound enough just to stay flat in a race. That can give you a lot of happiness." The lids of the grooms' equipment trunks, lined with photographs of horses they have rubbed, bear testimony to triumphs of varying degree. They like to pause and tell a visitor about winning races, and those their horses almost won, excuses being a liniment that takes the soreness out of losing.



FORMER BANKER BOB SMITH (STANDING) HELPS JOE O'BRIEN WITH OFFICE ROUTINE



IN WINTER RAY BORN GROOMS TROTTERS; SUMMERS, HE WORKS HIS COPPER MINE

At Joe O'Brien's stable during these two months of preparation, there is no crowd and no dazzle from the home-stretch lights. The life of the groom moves at a measured pace. Radios along the shedrow wail country-rock tunes,

. . . *I want a little of that sweet sensation*

Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. . . .

Rakes cleaning the shedrow make the noise of a thousand crickets. . . The

mail brings one groom a lacy Hallmark card and he moves off from the others and reads the message,

. . . *Two-de Two-de Two-de-dum*
You're as sweet as bubble gum. . . .

A Canadian boy is describing a telephone call made to his mother the night before. She cried and asked about his suntan. (It's been 45° most of the winter in Shafter.)

Someone bums a cigarette from Don

continued

Benson who, as a payday luxury, bought a pack of Benson & Hedges imports for \$1.60 in Bakersfield. He explains that Virginia tobacco is sent to London, the cigarettes are made there—"by appointment of Her Majesty the Queen"—and then exported to the U.S.

Vic Aucum, who has drifted around the world 2½ times since he went AWOL from the CCC, discusses the extrasensory perception of Buddhist monks he has known. He observed it during World War II in the Himalayas while he was ferrying oil for the Flying Tigers ("I was a good friend of Chiang and the Madame"). Aucum talks of moving on, maybe to South America.

Behind the hay pile, 85-year-old Sam Baker grazes a horse. He used to be a carpenter in a Pennsylvania-Ohio border town. Then his wife died and his barn burned, and Baker, at 79, decided to find a job as a groom. He is well fixed financially. He subdivided his land back in Sharon, Pa., and now it is a flourishing suburb called Baker Heights, with not a house under \$35,000. He carries around the blueprint of the subdivision and from time to time telephones his banker to see which lots are left. It doesn't pay Baker to work all year—

he'd be faced with too much income tax. So he works a few months and then travels the tracks to occupy himself the rest of the time. Each Derby Day he goes to Churchill Downs. He has had Box 54 since 1937. Generally he takes some pretty girls and bets on sons of Native Dancer.

Ray Dorn is another O'Brien groom who comes and goes. He was a driver and trainer until he went broke. Each winter he shows up in Shafter about the time the horses are shipped back from the tracks, works a while and then disappears in the spring, heading toward Arizona. He takes a gun, sleeping bag and tools and does some work in his copper mine in Kirkland Junction. To keep his claims he must make certain improvements each year: work on the drift in the mine, remove boulders and fix culverts. Then he goes fishing in the Colorado River and contemplates his possible riches. (The claims next to his are being worked by a multimillion-dollar company.) "The mine gives me an excuse for not going Fast with Joe," Dorn says. "It's a way to save face. Here on the farm it doesn't matter that I was once a driver."

There are grooms who own trotters and pacers themselves and train them in the afternoons. Vince Eufemia is one, and it does not seem to matter that he is working for the horse—a 6-year-old maiden named Reno Bill Tass—rather than the horse for him. Eufemia bought his first trotter when he was working as a postman in Chatsworth, delivering mail to people like Lucille Ball, Roy Rogers, Victor Borge and Veronica Lake. The horse, he says proudly, had won the Grandview Futurity, although that was some time before he got him for \$1,800. The gelding's photograph—winning a race at Santa Anita—is pasted inside the lid of Eufemia's equipment trunk. Joe O'Brien drove him that day, and O'Brien often drives Vince's present horse, Reno Bill, in races. It costs Eufemia \$4 a day to keep Reno Bill in the O'Brien stable (as opposed to the standard rate of \$15 to \$17 a day charged owners who do not groom and train their own stock). This is about one-third of a groom's salary, but Reno Bill has been improving—he had three thirds at Hollywood Park and a second at Bay Meadows, and his time is now down to 2:06 3/5. Soon he may have his

photograph in Vince's gallery. (There is a picture there now of a horse that Vince refers to as Reno Bill, but it is actually the photograph of another horse that Vince saw in a magazine and admired because he looked like Reno Bill.)

A man like Eufemia relishes his few victories for a long time. Vince always carries in his trunk the patrol film of one win, though he has never found anyone with a movie projector to show it to him.

The music teacher who worked for O'Brien until he was drafted into the Army last month won four races at Hollywood Park with a horse he owned. And Bob Smith, the onetime banker who headed one of Irving Trust's commercial credit departments, had a mare in the barn that beat Joe's best free-for-aller, Governor Ambro, in bright daylight before that stallion's millionaire owner.

Smith, whom O'Brien enlists as the stable bookkeeper, had an early interest in horses—as a child he would get up before sunrise to wait for the milkman making the rounds of Greenwich mansions with his horse. Smith's father and grandfather were partners in Wall Street firms and he went to prep school at Hotchkiss, where men like Henry Ford II and Henry Luce studied. At Syracuse he majored in economics and after graduating taught for a year at the university. Then he began his banking career at Irving Trust. He used to play bridge commuting on the 7:50 and 5:13. But eventually, during his afternoon shaves in the executive washroom, he began to look closely at himself. He quit and opened a rental business of his own in Greenwich (everything from scaffolding to soup spoons) and later a fancy food shop. He played golf (seven handicap) and bought a few trotters, which he sent to Sanders Russell to train. Then he settled back to be a suburban, if not a country, squire. But matrons wanted more and more Beluga caviar. Smith found himself ordering lemon drops from Belgium by the ton. There was a run on orange peelers after he had advertised them in *Better Homes and Gardens*. The fancy food business mushroomed. "My hair was falling out and the stuff that wasn't out was turning gray," he says. "One day I just decided to go to work for Russell as a groom." Now 43, he considers the occupation something of an art, requiring full commitment, sensitive ap-



WEALTHY SAM BAKER, 85, PILES MANURE

continued



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precation and innate feeling. "If a man is looking for his next paycheck, he cannot be classed as a good groom," Smith says. This may seem an easy judgment, since Smith remains independently wealthy, though he lives on a groom's paycheck and drives a \$250 car, but it expresses the importance of the commitment.

The best grooms appreciate their horses as sensitive animals—timid, angry, resentful or devoted, depending on how they have been treated. The men in O'Brien's stable point to a mare called

to the performance of a horse. Last year Smith was grooming Bret Hanover's full sister, a \$52,000 filly named Beautiful Hanover. A delicate animal and a finicky eater, she had to be coaxed to clean up her food. Smith would play games with her. He would hide her feed in the stall. Intrigued, the filly would hunt until she found it. The sport whetted her appetite and she began to pick up weight and condition. Just when she was becoming full of herself and hay and oats, O'Brien sent Smith on the Grand Circuit with his Hambledonian hopeful,

"Grooming a horse is a labor of love," Smith insists. "Your obligation is for 24 hours a day. A horse cannot go to a faucet or a hay pile. This is a sport for a person who wants to commit himself. Of course, my family thinks I'm crazy. My mother came up to Goshen last year, looked at Keystone Starlet, remarked, 'She's pretty,' and turned around and went home to Greenwich. But that filly gave me a lot of enjoyment. She had splints and at Pocono Downs I would stand her in a brook each afternoon. I would sit in the water myself. You could have beautiful daydreams. There is a close relationship between a man and his horse. Starlet went off stride in 11 or 12 races last year, but at the end of the season she won a \$25,000 race. That gave me lots of pleasure."

Dolf Beulich, a young East German who was a groom in the O'Brien stable but has been promoted to trainer, expresses his commitment to racehorses in another manner. Beulich was a steamboat engineer on a river near Leipzig before his escape to the West. Later he had a job as a fireman in a brewery, and for a while he replaced air-conditioner filters in the Royal York hotel in Toronto. Now 28, he is hoping to make his reputation in harness racing. "If I can make it as a trainer with Joe O'Brien, and I ever want to go on my own, his name will stick with me." Beulich has the intense concern for the animals in the stable that is necessary. "If I'm going to a movie and I see a storm coming, I'm too uneasy to sit through a show," he says. "A slamming door in the barn or just the wind makes horses uneasy. I always come home."

Ambitious young men like Beulich are the future Billy Houghtons and Stanley Dancers—and Joe O'Briens. These million-dollar drivers were grooms 25 or 30 years ago. The racing secretary and assistant racing secretary at the Hollywood Park harness meeting worked on O'Brien's shedrow 14 years ago. But even those who do not make it up the ladder, who perhaps never really tried or who had bad luck, are not ungrateful for their profession. As one of them puts it, "This sport has a culture, and it is a science, too." Bob Smith probably would call it poetry. He may someday write a sonnet about it, especially about how it is at Joe O'Brien's in February when a year of hope is ahead and the crop is right there in the barn. **END**



AFTER ESCAPE FROM EAST GERMANY, DOLF BEULICH WAS A GROOM. NOW TRAINS

Sissie Blaze and say, "Poor thing. She's been ruined. Her groom last year in Chicago jogged her one day on a bad track with ill-fitting boots. The boots tore at her and now she sulks." You must think about a horse, Smith explains. "They have their moods. You should fear them a little and respect them a lot. The filly I groomed last summer might pull you into a fence one morning and that afternoon be contrite and happy. You find some horses working for you all the time. Maybe they can only go 2-10, but they do it every trip. It's the most they can do and they are enjoying it."

With ingenuity, a groom can make a contribution—sometimes substantial—

Keystone Starlet. Beautiful's new groom did not play the game, and she immediately lost the pounds and the edge she had gained.

Sometimes you can match a man to a horse. "You can take a drunk and give him a kind old mare and he'll be sobered by the responsibility," says Smith. "There is a certain empathy. But give the same man a high-spirited colt and he will prefer instead to take his measure of spirits from a bottle."

One such groom has a mare that shies at telephone poles. "I just talk to her when we pass one," he says. "She gets interested in what I'm saying, and she's got a one-track mind."



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● Architect-engineer-philosopher **R. Buckminster Fuller**, inventor of the geodesic dome, has been a sailor and an oarsman all his life. Now 73, he finally has got around to redesigning his favorite craft, the single scull, which in its present form has the disadvantages of being expensive and impossible to rebound once the oarsman has been dumped. The Fuller version of the single scull, which he describes as "rowing needles," consists of a pair of delicate aluminum tubes five inches in diameter and 24 feet long connected by a truss arrangement supporting the sliding seat. The tubes submerge to a depth of about 2½ inches, and the structure—sort of a cross between a catamaran and a water spider—is absolutely stable. It is as fast or faster than the conventional single scull and can be dismantled and transported as easily as a pair of skis. Fuller does not feel that it is quite perfected; once it is, we can look for more astenski in the record books.

"We should have realized that they do things differently in New Zealand when the customs officials made us scrub the tires of our race cars before they let us take them off the dock," reflected California Race Driver **Ron Grable**, down under for the Monaco International Trophy Race near Tauranga. He and partner **Ken Holden** won the race, and it was Grable who

nipped over the finish line first. "After a while this lovely girl shows up and gives me a big trophy and a laurel wreath, so naturally I grab her and give her a big kiss. With this the crowd goes wild and the officials all turn white." The lovely young girl, it turned out, was not New Zealand's equivalent of Miss Hurst Golden Shifter or Miss Pure Oil Firebird. She was **Josanna Porritt**, the daughter of the Governor General, the emissary of the Queen, and Grable was informed, too late, "Yank, you just don't get off kissing the Governor General's daughter, even if you did win the bloody motor race."

While supporting the 41st annual race for Congressmen, Senator **Everett Dirksen** observed that he had nothing against professional football players, but he just couldn't see why they deserved bigger incomes than legislators "when all the football player needs is a good pair of legs and the capacity to catch a football." Well, it's this way, Senator. A pro football player's legs do not last much past the age of 35. The brain of a legislator functions—in some instances—until he is many years older than that.

A far-flung survey has turned up a 46-year-old businessman who is not jogging to keep fit. **Malcolm Baldrige**, president of Scovill Manufacturing Co.

(among other things, the nation's No. 1 manufacturer of safety pins), last month took his latest steer-roping prize when he and his partner handled their steer in 13.3 seconds at the National Western Stock Show Rodeo in Denver. Baldrige lives in Woodbury, Conn., but he is a card-carrying member of the Rodeo Cowboys Association.

Matty Guskas of the Philadelphia 76ers was lying in bed in an Atlanta hotel room, watching *The American Sportsman* on TV. The show involved a tuna chase at sea. The bounding man bounded, the rolling waves rolled—up, down, up, down. The next thing up was Matty's dinner. He was so seasick that it took two motion-sickness pills from the team trainer to compose him.

A Cadillac limousine with Florida license plates is an unfamiliar sight in the Plains States during a blizzard, and it made out about as one would expect. "We were trying to follow the yellow line," said occupant **Muhammad Ali** disconsolately, "but you just couldn't tell the snow from the road. Some friends did try to tell me you couldn't drive from New York to Seattle in the winter, but I didn't believe them." He believed them, all right, by the time he found himself snow-bound in a Fargo, N. Dak. motel, and a newsman who called him there for the story got it in one

line when Ali answered the phone and said, "Hello, the stranded ex-heavyweight champion of the world speaking."

◆ Naturally, 20th Century-Fox gave the matter some thought when they cast the lead for *The Gomer*, a film about a milkman who wants to run in the Olympics, but in their muddiest moments they could scarcely have hoped to choose as well as they did when they settled upon **Michael Crawford**. The 26-year-old British actor trained for only three weeks with Gordon Pine and everyone wears that he was clocked in a 4:26 mile. "I've never been involved in running before, but I haven't found it difficult," Crawford said subquently. "I suppose I have discovered a small amount of latent talent." Perhaps 20th Century ought to charge *The Gomer* to a film about an actor who wants to run in the Olympics and then just shelve it until 1972. They could unleash Crawford, start the cameras and save a bundle in production costs.



Tall in the saddle out East

You don't have to be a cowboy to ride ski bobs, the new winter sports craze, but in the Swiss world championships it might have been an asset

On the twisting and terrifyingly steep Piste Nationale above Crans-Montana in the Swiss Alps last week a strange new entry on the winter sports scene had its second world championship. The sport is ski bobsbing, and on the slope—often cartwheeling madly above it—were 120 competitors from 14 countries, including most of Europe, Great Britain, Canada, the U.S. and even Japan.

Ski bobsbing takes place aboard something that looks like a low-slung bicycle, except that it slides along on skis instead of wheels. It is an exercise that can be as sweet and safe as a carriage ride through the park or as wild and reckless as clinging bareback to an untamed bronco. Spectators who lined the fast 3,117-yard course, which dived 780 yards through steep open hillside and tightly bordering fir trees, plus millions watch-

ing on European television, mostly saw the cowboys. Ski bobsbers were in orbit, sailing over fences at 50 mph, doing reverse somersaults through the air at 60 mph or tumbling end over end in an explosion of snow down the middle of the course. Ski bobs were snapping and cracking and bounding riderless in all directions.

Taking part in the four-day show were teen-age boys and girls (in the Junior Divisions), grown-up men and women (in the Ladies' and Men's Elite Divisions) and guys who have been grown up long enough to have learned more sense (in the Men's Over-40 Division). The fastest of the lot was a super-masculine type from Haus, Austria: square-jawed Josef Pitzler, 27, a man who drives a truck when he is not trucking down the trails. Pitzler, the 1968 European downhill

champion, rode his 20-pound mount through the men's downhill in 2:18.04, an average speed of 46.5 mph—not bad for a machine with no engine. A time span of less than three seconds separated the seven fastest finishers—not bad either, considering that last year in an international downhill on the same course, with pretty much the same cast, Austria's bumptious Willi Brenner won by 11 seconds over the second-place finisher and 30 seconds over the third.

Obviously, the competition has tightened up. In fact, in his haste to get a fast start Pitzler almost blew the race then and there, coming close to falling off as he hurtled down a 120-yard opening slope that tilts the racers onto two severe bumps and through two tight turns. Brenner, the defending world downhill champion and heavy favorite, had sailed spectacularly out of the race only minutes before by turning on more juice than he could control. About half a mile down from the start, Willi and his ski bob came soaring off a high mound. Man and ski bob described a majestic double-reverse gainer in the tuck position. Then, high over the panicked spectators who lined that stretch of the course went Willi-nilly—and out of the action. Poor Willi. On Sunday he had more bad luck. A bolt came out of the back of his ski bob and the frame sagged down onto the snow, forcing him to quit a quarter of the way through the giant slalom.

"The early starders were making some good times," explained Brenner after his downhill disaster. "I just thought I'd try to break two minutes."

Coming from anyone else that would be put down as mouthing off, but not from Willi. He meant it. In a thoroughly agreeable way ski bobsbers may be the wackiest creatures in sport.

Willi says he competes so hard in training races with his older brother, Erich, that one will often wind up dangling from a tree branch.

However, Willi does not train so hard that he cannot enjoy an occasional beer. To tell the truth, Willi may be the Oktoberfest of ski bobsbing. Two years ago, on the night before a big international meet in Crans, Willi and his Austrian teammate, Josef Hautsperger, stayed up until 3 in the morning, splitting three dozen beers and arguing violently over



BRONCO-BUSTING STYLE OF FRANCE'S CLAUDE YOUNKNOYSKI PLEASED THE CROWD

who was consuming the most. Came the morning and Haunsperger started the downhill. He crashed after just one good long schuss. "You could only see his feet sticking out of the snow," Willi said. "I thought, 'That's it. I'm not going to make it after all that beer.'" But he did, and won easily.

The days of training on beer are gone because the appeal of the sport on the competitive level is growing stronger. "The thrill is very similar to racing a motorcycle, I would imagine," says James Cox, the fastest member of the British team, a tall young London stockbroker whose face is burned a deep ski-slope brown. "Going down even a difficult course on a pair of flat skis securely attached to your feet can get a bit tame. With the ski hob you have to hang on for dear life. It presents the challenge of controlling yourself and controlling a machine as well."

Cox's good looks and English public-school charm could fool you, but he's as much out there in the muddy sun with the mad dogs as those British colonials Noel Coward used to sang about. Prior to coming to Crans-Montana, Cox was burning to set a world speed record of 120 mph down the back side of the Matterhorn on a specially built ski bob, but the front end shattered like dry straw when a photographer merely sat on it before Cox was ready to go.

Austrians and Englishmen have no monopoly on daredevilry. North Americans get in there as well. Redheaded Dave Brown of Montreal, a ground crewman with the Canadian NATO Air Force group in Germany, took a tumble in practice for the downhill that dented his crash helmet, twisted his left knee, smashed his lower lip, loosened several teeth and laid him out cold by the edge of the course for almost 10 minutes. When he came to, he thought he was an Austria.

"He's had a few of those knocks," moaned his petite wife Kathi, the only member of the Canadian women's team. "Maybe it's time he gave this up."

But there was Brown on the starting line the next day with a stiff and swollen knee and a horribly puffed right eye and cheek. "I couldn't live with myself if I didn't go down," he said.

Fred Petersen, a 24-year-old welder from St. Paul, flew to Switzerland on

his own and then talked his way onto the U.S. team. In fact, he was the U.S. team. Petersen competed wearing a gleaming silver crash helmet so small it pinched his ears, a corduroy jacket, corduroy Levi's, a pair of welder's glasses with plastic lenses and a neat red beard. He didn't do too badly either, finishing 39th in the field of 57 starters. But, as he said, "It was too fast for me. I've never been on anything like that in the States. Next time I'm going to have a better helmet."

While competitive ski bobbing is certain to zoom in popularity in the next few years, it is the safe and sweet side that enchants prospering manufacturers and winter-resort directors. At moderate speeds a ski bob handles as easily as a bicycle. There is a ski beneath the saddle and a separate forward ski that can be swiveled from side to side for steering. The rider sits astride a long, narrow, padded seat, crouched forward and grasping the handlebars. On his boots he wears a pair of 18-inch-long manis, on the back edge of which are attached sharp steel claws. Under the lash of the world's best, now mostly Austrians, West Germans and Swiss, the ski bob can hit speeds of 80 mph in a downhill race. The world record for a straight run, held by Erich Brenner, is just over 103 mph. But a less ambitious man can coast gently down trails that only a skilled skier can handle. He can also glide across deep powder snow, that a pair of skis would be burned in. Lessons are not essential. What the ski bopper has is instant sking, and perhaps an entire to schusses he hasn't seen once that black winter years ago in Zermatt when he broke his leg executing a clumsy Christy on the Ruffelberg run.

"When I saw a ski bob for the first time I thought it was laughable," says Rinaldo Jacometti, a skier himself and the leading ski entrepreneur of Montana. "But one ride and I knew the ski bob had come to stay. Suddenly I had found a way to do something for the 30%, who come to ski resorts only for the après-ski." Jacometti, a short, wiry man, not only has sold ski bobbing to his visitors, he has taken it up and now is one of Europe's leading racers in the Senior-Over-40 Division. Last week Jacometti finished second in the giant slalom but hit a fence at 50 mph in the downhill—

thereby losing 20 seconds which would have provided him with a winning margin. He eventually came in sixth.

The first man to start teaching in the Crans-Montana area was another wiry little Swiss named Erwin Zenhausen, who works out of Alex Sports, the swank ski center of very swank Crans. He saw a ski bob at a sporting-goods show in Wiesbaden, Germany eight years ago, brought one home and fell in love with it one night on a moonlight ride over the slopes above town. Now he communicates his love affair to about 200 students each winter.

Switzerland has at least a dozen major resorts with ski bob schools and/or facilities. Austria has 50. There are an estimated 80,000 ski boppers regularly skidding down the snowy slopes of Europe and—another sure sign that the sport is reaching major status—the two main ski-bob manufacturers, Brenner, founded by Willi's father in 1958, and Hart, a rival Austrian producer, are signing up the top racers to exclusive contracts—and suing each other.

In the U.S., where there are 6,000 to 8,000 ski boppers, resort managers still gaze with a certain skepticism at the phenomenon taking place across the Atlantic. About a dozen resorts provide ski-bob facilities, but mostly on a sort of every-other-Tuesday-from-2-to-4 basis. Those ski-bob claws chop up the ski runs and the area operators are not yet ready to splurge on special lifts and trails for what is, so far, a trickle of action. Perhaps all that will quickly change. In Crans-Montana for last week's world championship was a delegation from Missoula, Mont. headed by a white-haired, optimistic ski bopper named Bill Cartwright (a descendant of Alexander Cartwright, who pioneered the growth of baseball). Why this group from Missoula? Well, that is where the next world ski-bob championships are going to be held, in February 1971. Having the world championships in Missoula makes about as much sense right now as holding baseball's World Series in Crans-Montana, but riding ski bobs is such glorious fun that it could boom into something as big as sking. Maybe Bill Cartwright, who heads the U.S. Skibob Association, will be as successful in getting across his message as was Alexander a good many years ago.

AND

The line for the mile forms here

Jim Ryun is alive but married, and rival runners see a gleam of hope

Outwardly it's all the same—the wobbling head, the great strides and the arms going like a child's uppercuts. But inside, Jim Ryun is different. "For several years running has been No. 1 in my life," he says. "But now being a good husband and making a good marriage have become No. 1."

The new Jim Ryun ran for the first time since the Olympic Games last Saturday night, winning the open mile at the Michigan State Relays in an ordinary 4:06.2. He was smiling afterward, as he was when he turned the last corner of his 55-second final quarter. "It's really not a conscious thing," he said later. "I'm not doing it to suggest I look great running out there. It's a natural reaction, some type of mental release. But, yes, the race did feel good. I know I say this every year but I was surprised at how strong I really did feel. Nothing should be that easy."

Despite the ease with which he won, the race was one Ryun did not feel particularly prepared for. As he said before the meet, "There was a lot of planning to do for the wedding—and I wouldn't change that—so there was just no way I could train regularly."

It was his marriage three weeks ago that, more than anything, transformed Ryun. Now, instead of talking only of track, his conversation touches on other, more domestic concerns. There are the problems of money, of setting up a new apartment—even of eating. During the week Ryun is at Kansas, his wife at Kansas State, where she is finishing her final month of studies. "That means I get good cooking only on weekends," he says. "The rest of the time I have to cook for myself."

Moreover, marriage has given Ryun a new perspective on track. "The trouble with me before was that I would think of nothing but running," he says. "As soon as the 1964 Olympics were over, I started planning for 1968. Now I don't do that. I haven't yet sat down and fixed in my mind any goals for the coming season. I haven't even set any private goals. Maybe after I graduate I will settle in business and quit running altogether. I'm taking track more on a day-to-day basis. You know that time I had off? I really enjoyed it. Honestly, I just wish it could have been longer."

While Ryun was vacationing and re-evaluating, two other runners were spending their weekends trying to get out from under the Jim Ryun shadow that has long obscured lesser American milers. The first, Sam Bair of Kent State, has been more successful on paper, winning five straight indoor miles before finishing fifth at Baltimore this past weekend. But it is the second, 19-year-old Villanova sophomore Marty Liquori, who is the more likely heir apparent.

Bair is the 5' 6", 126-pound chap who pops up each winter on the indoor circuit. With his compact frame he can accelerate on the tight corners while taller runners have to stutter-step, and last year Bair won seven races. However, his lack of stature ultimately hinders him. "I have to realize," he says, "that no matter how much I train, if someone like Ryun is in top shape, there is no way I can keep up with him." As a result, Bair's best time—a 3:58.6 in the 1967 National AAUs—got him only sixth place behind Ryun's world-record 3:51.1.

"All I need to do," Bair says, resignedly, "is look at myself and my physical assets and at some of the others and their physical assets, and there is no way I can kid myself. But still, I'll always be there. I may end up far in the background, but I'm not ever going to be an also-ran. People are going to know I'm there." They do. Bair has become something of a celebrity in his home town of Scottsdale, Pa., ranking right up there with Eddie Gray, who plays guitar for Tommy James & the Shondells.

Marty Liquori has been a star since his senior year at Essex Catholic in Newark, when he became the third high-schooler (after Ryun and Tim Danielson) to break four minutes for the mile, running a 3:59.8. Unlike Bair, Liquori has the assets—and an obsession. "Track

is the most important part of my life," he says.

Frank Murphy, a Villanova teammate who has run a 3:58.6 mile himself, agrees. "I wish I were as dedicated as Marty," he says. "But sometimes I think he takes it all too seriously." Indeed, a sign above the desk in Liquori's dormitory room reads: THEY ARE ABLE BECAUSE THEY THINK THEY ARE ABLE. SKILL TO DO COMES OF DOING—SO DO IT.

What he has already done—a sub-four-minute mile at 17 and a place on the Olympic team at 18—has led his teammates to dub him Wonder Boy. His coach, Jumbo Jim Elliott, is of much the same opinion. "With some more quality work," he says, "I see no reason why Marty can't run a 3:50 mile." Liquori is a bit more cautious. "You have to talk about ultimates," he says, "because few people ever reach them, but I think I have accomplished as much as anyone at this age. And I feel that in the future I can accomplish as much as anyone already has."

This winter the future has snuck up on him. After two uninspiring 4:10 miles in early January he won the mile at the Millrose Games in a fine 4:00.8, the best time of the indoor season. He is not scheduled to run another open mile until the NCAA championships in mid-March, when, in all probability, he will face Ryun. "Sure, it bothers everyone to have Ryun up there," he says. "He's so ahead of his time. But I try to look at it sociologically. Go back to the cave-men. They'd pick a wise man from their tribe and make him their king, because he was a good man. But to maintain rule, that man would have to build a wall around himself and let people talk to him only through couriers. So those outside came to respect him and to fear him. This was what happened with Ryun. He normally doesn't come out to many meets. And when he does, he eats his meals, then disappears, then runs. The papers make it seem like he doesn't do human things, like burp or anything. But after being with him in Olympic Village, seeing him with his girl, I realize he's normal. And fallible."

Last Saturday night Jim Ryun was ready to agree. "Marty sure has been running some good times," he said after his race. "I'm just happy I didn't have to face him this weekend. The shape I'm in now, I'm afraid I might not have beat him."

END



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Marilyn and Ed Fernberger had their tournament last week. Held at the Spectrum in Philadelphia, it was the first indoor open, and with Marilyn working 60 hours a week and Ed putting in all his spare time, it was an enormous success. The best players in the world were there: Laver, Roche, Ashe, Okker and the crowds that showed up for the five-day event were the kind that simply do not exist short of Wimbledon and Forest Hills. Rod Laver won \$7,000 for beating Tony Roche in the finals, and when the match was over the most excited people in the Spectrum were, naturally, Marilyn and Ed. If Roche had won instead, the Fernbergers would have been just as excited.

You never heard of the Fernbergers? Well, there are a few of them in every sport but none are more totally involved than these two. You may boast of your track nuts and the guys who know all the earned run averages, but they have nothing on the Fernbergers. They are as fanatical, devoted, informed and ubiquitous a pair of fans as can be found in any sport. It is even money that at any tournament Marilyn will be found seated between the wives of the finalists, and Ed, who takes tennis pictures as a special avocation, will be the first person to reach and congratulate or console the competitors after a match. Their more serious efforts on behalf of the game have already earned them the Marlboro Award, an honor given to devoted and respected contributors to the sport.

All this is particularly amazing because the Fernbergers have never been very good players themselves, and just burst upon the tennis scene eight years ago as sudden as a genie loosed from a bottle. By now notice is taken at a tournament only when they are somehow *not* on hand. They never miss a tennis gathering within any reasonable (or otherwise) distance from their suburban Philadelphia home. They have traveled to the Caribbean, to Europe, to Fiji, Australia, Tahiti, New Zealand, and also to Hawaii, where Bo Belinsky—excited there to the minors—met the Fernbergers and taught Marilyn how to surf. Ed suspects that their tennis mileage now easily exceeds 100,000 miles.

Traveling statistics, however, are of small moment when compared to Mar-



AN UNEDITED VERSION OF PRO RAY MOORE LISTENS QUIETLY AS MARILYN TALKS ON

House party at Fernbergers

For last week's first indoor open in Philadelphia, Marilyn and Ed Fernberger were promoters, cheerleaders, den parents and hosts

ilyn's telephone records. Ed calls her "Madame Telephone," and while she is able to laugh easily about this singular affliction, she is also unable to do anything about it. By now she is totally impervious to the meaning of such expressions as "But it's 4 a.m.!" "I'll call you back later," and "Goodbye." Gladys Heldman, the editor of *World Tennis*, avers that she herself is a rather normal person except that she has developed psychic powers in one area. When the phone rings sometimes, she knows. She is able to pick it up and say "Hi, Marilyn" before Mrs. Fernberger identifies herself.

Leaf Beck, a tournament vice-chairman and one of the founders of the Indoor, says, "I learn it's Marilyn on the phone, and I just cringe because I know she'll be checking to see if I did five little things I promised her the last call. Look, you can always get a lot of people to help out with a lot of little civic jobs, but you need someone devoted to make sure the things really do get carried out, and that's Marilyn and her phone."

To Marilyn, though, the phone is as much a friend as it is an instrument of efficiency. Once she tracked Roche down in Switzerland when his itinerary had him in a distant country. A player who moved into a new apartment welcomed the phone man, who installed a phone. Before he could call the office to check the operation, the phone rang and Marilyn was on the other end. Last fall, when she was trying to obtain permission for the Russian players to enter the tournament in Philadelphia, she finally just put in a call to Moscow. Got through 100. Marilyn always gets someone on the phone.

Ed is nearly as occupied with photographing tennis. He began it strictly as a hobby in 1962, and is now one of the best tennis photographers in the world, even though, for his square job, he is still a construction company executive. Ed has built up a file of more than 30,000 black-and-whites and 3,000 color shots, including some taken at John Newcombe's 1967 Wimbledon victory party that drew substantial offers from London newspapers. (Ed, who ran the party as well

—continued

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TENNIS roadshow

as took the pictures, had had the foresight to invite a topless waitress to cater it. This made for a better party, he says—and better pictures, too.)

The Fernbergers have posted so many of Ed's pictures that Woolworth's, impressed and sympathetic, at last agreed to sell frames to Marilyn in lots. There are more than 1,000 pictures on the club cellar walls, and it is fair to say that the player who is not included in this menagerie does not truly exist. For that matter, most world players have been sequestered at the Fernberger home. Their house in Huntingdon Valley is a tennis hostel. The Fernberger children—Jim, 13; Ellen, 17, and Ted, 20, who is a fourth-generation Fernberger at Penn—are used to waking up to find Manolo Santana or Fred Stolle or somebody at the breakfast table. Spanish records have been stocked so that Latin visitors will feel at home. Birthday cakes are provided. Marilyn has written the mothers of visiting young players to learn their favorite recipes.

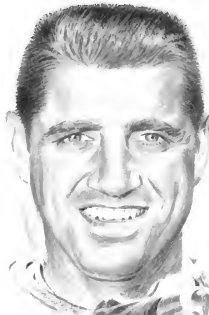
Only once was there substantial conflict with a guest. This visitor, a chronic late sleeper, was domiciled in a room with a telephone (Marilyn gets as many calls as she makes). At last, around 2 p.m., when the phone rang for about the 78th time that day, with a harried overseas operator having tracked down another missing party, the disgruntled guest rose purposefully from his fitful sleep, strode to the phone and summarily yanked the offending instrument out of the wall.

The Fernbergers, in their low 40s, really act as contemporaries of the more experienced players. With the younger players and the juniors, though, they assume a different role, that of teacher and parent-away-from-home. They instruct their visiting charges in culture and living history, Marilyn dragging them off to museums and Independence Hall, and in the social demands of dining and dancing. It is not an exaggeration to say that as much as Waterloo was won on the playing fields, so have social graces in the world of tennis been cast in Huntingdon Valley.

"You want to know something?" Ed says, starting with the introductory rhetoric he often employs. "Everything that we might have done for these kids, we've been paid back in kind. We love all of them. And they've never disappointed us."

AND

Earl Morrall: the long road to the top.



For most of his career, Earl Morrall sat on the bench — waiting. This season, the wait ended. As quarterback for the Baltimore Colts, he bombed the opposition numb — and led his team to the NFL championship, with the best record in pro-football history. Not incidentally, Morrall was awarded the Jim Thorpe Trophy as the outstanding NFL player of 1968.

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Pretend He's Your Sister

That is the kind of forthright advice a New Jersey surgeon gives the timid at his aggression clinic for overprivileged boys by BIL GILBERT

A new boy, call him Ronnie, shows up on Sunday in Dr. Max Novich's recreation room. He is a dark-haired, pale, frail 7-year-old. There are tremors around his mouth and a rigidity to his wide-eyed stare that suggest Ronnie is teetering on the brink of hysteria. He has a death grip on the hand of his father, who also looks worried, not to the point of hysteria but worried like a man who has burned a bridge and is wondering why on earth he was so quick with the match.

Dr. Novich's recreation room is in the basement of his expensive American Home Classic Style house (Tudor-type paneling with Holiday Inn-type fixtures) in the expensive American Home Classic Style neighborhood of Maplewood, South Orange, N.J. Maplewood is the turf for a lot of doctors, shrinks, lawyers, admen and cloak-and-suiters who have made or are making it big in the jungle across the Hudson. When Ronnie and his father come down the stairs, Max Novich is converting the recreation room into a gym, padding the fireplace hearth with a tumbling mat, hanging up four light punching bags and breaking out a lot of pillowy, kid-sized boxing headgear and gloves. He is yelling at two of the dozen or so boys already in the room. These two are rolling around under some folding chairs punching each other. "O K, O K. Eddie, Ray—not now—cut it out." Dr. Novich is also waving a copy of the *Sunday New York Times*, showing it

continued

to no one in particular, saying to the same party, "Hey, how about this, I just saw the newspaper story about me being named chief physician for the U.S. team in the Maccahah Games. I'm on the page with the shipping news. How about that?"

"Max, you mean you didn't know about it until you read it in the *Times*?" fondly needles a father of one of the little boys.

"Sure, sure. I knew about it for I don't know how long," Max grins, "but it hadn't been in the *Times* before. Everybody knows now."

Then Dr. Novich acknowledges Ronnie and his father. The father he knows because Ronnie's old man is a professional colleague, a physician. If you happen to be in South Orange on Sunday afternoon and break your leg, rupture your appendix or catch a touch of schizophrenia, have them take you to Max's basement. Medically speaking, that is where the action is.

"Hey, hey," yells Dr. Novich, grabbing Jim by the arm and pulling him over to a stranger. "Jim, tell this fella why you brought your kid here. Go ahead, tell him."

"Well," says Jim, who is a hesitant, soft-spoken man, or perhaps just appears that way as almost anybody up against Max Novich will, "Ronnie is, I guess you'd say, a little unaggressive. He has trouble holding his own with his peers—the other boys in the neighborhood. Max has helped some other boys like this and we kind of thought that..."

"O.K., O.K.," interrupts Dr. Novich, dropping Jim's

arm and snatching big-eyed Ronnie away from his father and dragging him into the middle of the room. The other boys and their fathers stare at this new kid. Max shouts at him but only incidentally to him. "O.K. Here is this new kid. The very first time for him. I have never laid eyes on him before. I don't know anything about him, but he is obviously timid and uncoordinated."

Ronnie and his father take a few more turns on the old tension machine but neither seems particularly surprised. They look as if maybe it is all sort of a *déjà vu* scene, like they have had a few nightmares in which they found themselves in just this kind of a pickle.

"But we are going to start right now," Dr. Novich says, thumping Ronnie on the shoulder. "He is going to be aggressive. The system never fails. Gimme some gloves."

An attendant father-physician hands Max a pair of kid-sized gloves for working on a bag. Ronnie has more or less lost the use of his muscles, but Max picks up his dukes and shoves them into the gloves. "O.K., now hit that bag," Dr. Novich directs Ronnie toward a very light punching bag. "Hit it, hit it hard," he commands Ronnie. "Think who you hate worst in the world and hit him. Pretend he's your sister."

Ronnie, who apparently hasn't or can't remember any strong hates, reaches out and tentatively pats the bag with his right hand.

"No, no, smash it! Be aggressive!" Max takes the boy's hand and drives it into the bag hard.

Ronnie winces and whispers in the direction of his father, "That hurt." The other boys in the room laugh wildly at this new kid. Dr. Jim smiles weakly, like a man who has just vowed he will never strike another match as long as he lives. For two or three minutes Max and Ronnie work on the bag, the doctor supplying the muscle, Ronnie only a gloved hand. "O.K., great," Max drops Ronnie's hand abruptly. "Three or four weeks you'll be so aggressive we won't know you. You go sit down now. I can't spend any more time with you today. I got all these other kids that can really do something. I gotta start working with them."

Dr. Novich peels off Ronnie's gloves and pushes him toward his father. Father and son go back in the far corner and sit down. Ronnie begins to snuff and eventually works up to some sobs. Dr. Jim tries to ignore Ronnie at first, like it is not his son who is bawling on his first day at aggression school. Then he pats Ronnie and whispers in his ear, as if trying to show he doesn't care if his kid did cry. However, nobody else is paying any attention to this business, because the rest of the boys are up whaling away at bags and trying to smack Max in the kisser. And thus class has formally opened in Dr. Max Novich's Sunday Boxing School for Overprivileged Boys.

Before any sensible explanation of this remarkable school, its educational objectives and philosophy can be made, some explanation of Dr. Max Novich must be attempted



Dr. Max Novich shows encouragement during ego-building hour.

since he is the school's founder, its faculty and its resident philosopher. Unfortunately, he is not an easy man to describe accurately—extraordinary men seldom are.

"What was that fancy guy's name?" Max Novich asks his wife Jean but does not wait for an answer. "He was a cloak-and-sunder from Smoke Rise who brought his kid over last year. He says to me, 'What kind of a doctor are you?' I guess he thought I was a chiropractor or something. I guess it does look funny, a well-known surgeon spending his Sundays teaching a bunch of kids how to be aggressive. I told him I was a regular doc, an orthopedic surgeon. I don't know whether he believed me or not. It doesn't make any difference. I tell you this. I pay out my own money for this. I'm doing this because I think it is a good thing. There is no federal money involved," shouts Dr. Novich, glaring around his recreation room as if searching for unwanted, uninvited HEW operators who might chuck money at him.

Max Novich is a big, bearish, paunchy, fiftysish, ham-handed, bass-voiced, squash-nosed man who, as may have been suggested, comes on very strong. He comes on like a marginal pool hustler or a fringe mobster or an old pug whose brains were lightly scrambled back in '38 in a semiwandup at St. Nick's. The trouble is that if you think Max is what he comes on like you have made a bad mistake and done him and yourself a grave injustice.

Put it this way. Without exception everyone has an ego to feed. Most of us feed ours in the corners, nibbling away, masking the process with couth little gestures, apologizing for our appetite with phony phrases. But every once in a while you run into somebody like Max Novich, who is a big, honest feeder. He is like a Jewish mother trying to get everybody to stuff themselves all the time. Only he wants to stuff your ego.

Or try Max Novich this way. Maybe you have seen an 8-year-old boy who comes down Christmas morning and finds he is now the owner of a snare drum set, a three-speed bike and an air rifle. He jumps on the bike, picks up the drums and gun, beats on them, snaps the trigger. All the time he is yelling, "Wow! Holy Cow! Jeeze! Neat! Hey! Nobody's got a bike like this. This is the best drum I've ever seen. I bet I could kill a dog with this gun." That kid may get on your nerves a little but he makes you feel good because he feels so good, so full of himself. It is the same way with Max Novich except that the gift that seems to perpetually excite and enrapture him is himself. He is proud of what he is, what he has done, testimonial dinners he has received, his famous friends, his recreation room, his kids, his wife. Since so many cruens you meet these days tell you the world is going to hell in a handcart, that they are going with it, that in fact they are pushing it along, it is a great pleasure to meet Max Novich, who stands in the middle of the room and shouts that being Max Novich is a big deal.

"Like in a place like this," Max says, waving out the

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY JUDITH COHENMAN



But one father can only grow as son gets a boxing lesson.

window at Maplewood. "I am definitely from the wrong side of the tracks. I worked to get here. I grew up in the jungle—the streets of Newark."

Back in the early 1930s Novich was a 165-pound guy with a right hand good enough to win him a boxing scholarship to the University of North Carolina, two conference championships and two NCAA awards. Later, as a medical student at North Carolina, he met tuition bills by picking up a few professional fights. For the same purpose he took over in 1939 the management of a promising Lithuanian heavyweight named Jack Brazzo. The arrangement kept both men temporarily solvent but did not have a lasting influence on either of their lives. Brazzo changed his name to Jack Palance and became a knockout as a Hollywood heavy. Novich kept on being Novich. After winning a Purple Heart and Bronze Star in World War II, he came back to New Jersey and established himself as an orthopedic surgeon.

As an outlet for his juices, he has also been a New Jersey referee for amateur bouts and is on the state boxing commission's medical panel. He has written some 50 articles on sports medicine, has a book on athletic training coming out this spring and is generally regarded as one of the most knowledgeable American physicians when it comes to the development, maintenance and repair of pugs.

"Sports medicine is a great field," enthuses Novich. "You know why? Because you are trying to keep healthy people healthy. A lot of doctors actually like being around sick people all the time. They are used to sick people. They just don't understand healthy people."

And now, above all, Novich has come to the belief that many of his colleagues—as well as a lot of parents and teachers—don't understand the need to encourage very young children to be muscular and aggressive, which is why there is a Sunday afternoon hit-'em-in-the-gut school in a certain South Orange basement.

"Middle-class parents and educators are developing a nation of namby-pambies by discouraging contact sports," says Novich. "Little kids start pushing each other, showing, wrestling. So we tell them stop you'll get hurt. That's a bunch of malarkey. Those kids are trying to do what they should do, develop their bodies and become independent, which is the name of the game of living. If you don't let kids start developing their muscle structure and their coordination early, if you repress their physical activity, then you repress their egos. They lack confidence in what they can do, and in what they are. They become afraid of the world. I've got a great background in psychiatry. I've talked to a lot of psychiatrists. Every kid is born with aggression. We shouldn't try to repress aggression. We should bring it out. Aggression is individuality. Contact sports are the best outlets for aggression. Those little kids in kindergarten that start pushing each other and we tell them stop it? That's a bunch of bull, something sociologists are trying to sell us. Aggression is nice.

Aggression is natural. Instead of trying to stop them we should put gloves on them and let them smack each other. That way they'll get a sense of confidence. Their egos will develop normally."

The trooping of plump, affluent South Orange papas and their timid sons into Novich's basement started five years ago. "A psychiatrist up the street was worried about his kid—he was too withdrawn, he couldn't mix with the other kids, he was afraid of them," Novich recalls. "This psychiatrist wanted to know if I could show the boy how to use his hands. I said sure, and we got him started on a bag. From then on it just snowballed. People with sissy kids, uncoordinated kids, kids that were having trouble with bullies, they just kept showing up here. I can't hardly handle it anymore. It's a great neighborhood for this kind of class. All these little rich kids. They are overprotected. They don't get any rough stuff. Their bodies are underdeveloped and their egos are underdeveloped. This is the kind I want. I don't want no underprivileged kids. Enough's being done for them. I only want overprivileged kids. They got a right to be aggressive just like anyone else."

Since its establishment, Novich's Sunday Boxing School for Overprivileged Boys has graduated 100 pupils, each, Dr. Novich believes, notably more aggressive than when he matriculated. "And I mean they graduate. My wife and I throw a party for them you wouldn't believe. Food, drinks, medals, trophies, movies, music, the works. They even get diplomas; from a boxing school, can you imagine that? Last year Abe Greene—you know, the WBA international commissioner—was our distinguished guest. He's a good friend. I mean, it is really a party. Look what they gave me." Novich yanks an engraved walnut-and-tin plaque from the wall. The plaque says it was presented by the parents of the grateful class of 1967 to Dr. Max Novich. "Isn't it great?" Dr. Novich says of the plaque and things in general.

The normal drill for the boys who come to the Novich basement on Sunday is calisthenics, then beating on light bags for a time and then beating on each other in a supervised, scientific way. During the fights Novich acts as instructor, matchmaker, referee, public-relations man, announcer, group analyst and lecturer on the uses and abuses of aggression. He is equipped temperamentally and vocally to do any three of these things simultaneously.

On a recent Sunday he gloved up two 30-pounders and ordered them to shake hands. "Tommy here," said Max in a voice that would carry to the 52 seats in any arena in the country, "plays hockey. He's got wonderful aggression, but he's impatient and a little crude. Chuck here has a lot of skill. He is going to tame the wild crude slugger, aren't you, Chuck?"

Chuck Friedman, a small 7, nods doubtfully. Novich steps aside and Tommy swarms all over Chuck, displaying oodles of aggression that he has presumably picked up on the hockey rink.

continued

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COBRA



"Chuck, don't paw. Keep your right ready. Step in behind the jab. Be aggressive, Chuck. Go get him. Pretend he's your sister."

"Sid, Sid," Novich yells at Chuck's father while holding Tommy off Chuck. "Why did you bring your kid here? Tell this fella. Go ahead. Tell him."

Sid is Dr. Sidney Friedman, who practices internal medicine in Union City, N.J. and who at the moment is somewhat distracted, having to flinch every time the crude 7-year-old hockey player belts his scientific son. Nevertheless, he tries to accommodate Novich.

"Chuck is not well coordinated, not well coordinated at all. He is also not aggressive. He can't catch a ball. Kids chase him out of games. And there is this special problem—a sister who is a tomboy. She is very aggressive. She can catch a ball and do a lot of things Chuck doesn't have enough confidence for. We didn't think it was a good situation, so I brought him down here. That stuff about pretend it's your sister is sort of a joke here, but there is some truth in it. Most of the boys are around their mothers and sisters a lot. They are somewhat repressed by girls."

Just then Tommy smacks Chuck, who falls into the fireplace hearth and looks like he would just as soon be back with his sister. "O.K., O.K. No wrestling. That's enough," says Novich as he pulls Tommy away from Chuck, takes the gloves off both boys and brings a new pair into the center of the recreation-room ring. Dr. Friedman is able to continue his testimonial with more composure.

"I think one of the good things about this is that boxing is strictly a man's sport. Chuck's sister really wanted to come, but Max has this rule about no mothers or sisters. This is just for men. I know this has helped Chuck. It's something he can do that his sister can't. For a lot of us this is the only time during the week when we are alone with our boys, without women around."

Next to sisters, the principal symbolic bogymen of the Sunday Boxing School for Overprivileged Boys are bullies, of whom there seem to be, surprisingly, a great many in the South Orange area. "You get a bully or two in every grade. Your average overprivileged kid can't handle a bully without training," says Novich, sounding like an early Charles Atlas copywriter. "We're not trying to make polished fighters out of these kids—head them toward the Golden Gloves or anything like that. I just want to give them enough confidence and skill to handle the average bully. Leon, Leon, where is that letter you wrote me?"

Leon is Dr. Leon Smith, director of medical education at St. Michael's Hospital in Newark and the father of a 9-year-old student at SBSFOB. "Leon runs a great infectious disease laboratory. Professionally, just having a man like Leon in the area gives me a feeling of confidence. In a couple of weeks I am going to give a speech about this Sunday afternoon program. I got Leon and some of the fathers to write letters about it. You know nothing succeeds

like success. I want to read these letters, show what a good program the fathers think we have. Where has that letter got to?"

The letter from Dr. Smith is found in a cubbyhole along with some mouth guards. It reads as follows:

"Initially Leon had great resistance in coming to boxing and later enjoyed it. Leon was a very timid boy who rarely fought his peers unless hurt. He avoided fights. Two bullies in the area prevented him from competing in sports and beat him several times. Now he still avoids fights, but he has defeated both bullies and has defended Jamie Roth and other boys from bullies. His entire class respects him."

Dr. Leon Smith is a big scar-faced man, bigger even than Novich, and in his undergraduate days was a football player at NYU. "This boxing is fine. It has improved Leon's coordination," says Dr. Smith. "But I don't think I will want him to play football."

How come?

"Well, I hurt both my knees. I had fun, but I wouldn't want Leon to get hurt. He doesn't have to."

"We got two kinds," Novich says later of the fathers of his pupils. "Leon Smith is a tough cookie. He took his knocks like I did. He wants to save his son, but the thing is, those knocks aren't necessarily bad. If you overprotect your kid you are denying him advantages. You're not letting him develop his body and ego as he should. Those knocks helped make Leon and me successful."

"We get more of the other kind, though. Fathers that were never knocked around. They were very intelligent boys but they spent more time with books, in the library. They don't know how important aggression is. They bring kids down here and they are amazed. It makes them feel good, too, like they are helping their kids be virile."

Novich's claim that the school does something for pupas seems correct. At the very least it gives them a little exercise. As the boys smack each other, the cream of the South Orange medical society sits along the basement wall, shoulders weaving while slipping punches aimed at the boys. The pupas' eyes are bright and excited, their male hormones presumably all aflutter.

"Now here's Todd," Novich announces. "Todd is one of those kids that really makes me proud of what I am doing. When he came he was terrible, absolutely uncoordinated. He was so unaggressive he would hide behind the chairs. Kids half his size picked on him. But his mother kept making him come here on Sunday. Now watch Todd. He really proves this system works."

Todd is a tall, skinny, impassive boy who accepts his role as a classic before-and-after example without apparent emotion. He is matched against Mike Brady, who is half a head shorter but seems to be imbued with a few nice aggressions.

"Todd is a defensive fighter," Novich yells, "but that is his temperament." He is and it is. Todd has a curious

continued



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style, vaguely Late Patterson Peekaboo. He puts up his right hand encased in the pillow and then scrunches down behind it as if he were, ah, hiding behind a chair. Then at intervals of about five seconds he pumps out an absolutely straight left jab. He sticks out the jab on the count no matter what Mike Brady does or where he is. The unusual style puzzles Mike and exasperates Mike's father, Dr. Frank Brady, a Newark general practitioner.

Dr. Brady bobs and weaves on his chair and whispers, "Right cross, right cross." He whispers because one of the house rules is that while the bouts are in progress only Novich can yell in the recreation room. However, each boy is seconded by his father, who between rounds is free to advise and encourage to his heart's content.

"Mike," says Dr. Brady during the break. "Listen. You know what I told you about the cross. All Todd Fischman can do is jab. Get underneath with a right. You'll catch him. Get aggressive."

Mike takes instructions from his corner well. He does indeed duck under Todd Fischman's jab, crosses with his right and catches Todd right in the old breadbasket.

"I guess both of my boys are about average in aggression," says Dr. Brady with a certain amount of pride. "But this

has helped their coordination and given them more confidence. That's a thing kids from areas like this tend to lack—confidence. They are a little too nice. My other boy, John, is 12. He takes his gloves to Boy Scouts and he is sort of Big Mao on Campus because he is a boxer. This class of Max's gives the kids a little rep and I guess that helps to keep bullies from picking on them."

"O.K., O.K.," yells Novich, separating Mike and Todd. "Beautiful, very aggressive," he compliments both boys, and with this bout the class ends. The fathers and sons adjust their adrenalin and troop out of the recreation room, somewhat fortified to face the big cruel world of sisters and bullies. The last pair to leave is Ronnie and his father. "Thanks, Max," says Ronnie's father, the doctor.

"Great," says Novich, "glad you could come." He claps Ronnie on the back and advises, "Don't worry, you'll catch on. We'll make you aggressive in two or three weeks." Ronnie staggers under the back slap. He still looks worried, but there appears to be a certain new glint in his eye. It suggests that here is another overprivileged South Orange boy in whom dreams of glory and aggression have been stirred. Ronnie and his father tell Max Novich they will be back next Sunday.

END



Class is dismissed, and Dr. Novich strides across lawn of his South Orange, N.J. home to bid aggressive goodbye to students and fathers

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

SOUTH

1. NORTH CAROLINA (17-1)
2. KENTUCKY (16-2)
3. DAVIDSON (18-2)

After Wake Forest Coach Jack McCloskey saw North Carolina rip through his zone defense for an 84-76 win, he said, "They're so big they bypassed the zone by just throwing over it." That was exactly what Tar Heel Coach Dean Smith had in mind when he put in a new lineup to combat the zone his team has been facing lately. With 6'11" Rusty Clark, 6'10" Lee Dedmon and 6'8" Bill Bunting all playing simultaneously, North Carolina had a high old week adding two other wins, 99-76 over Virginia and 100-82 over Florida State. South Carolina, keeping pace, trailing just one game behind the Tar Heels in the ACC race, was also a three-time winner. It was sophomore John Roche and/or sophomore Tom Owens starring for the Gamecocks in each of the games. In the 73-62 victory over Wake Forest, Coach Frank McGuire told his team to feed Roche for baseline jump shots, and he scored 33 points. Two nights later against Furman, Owens collected 31 points as SC won 90-67. Then, on the road at Duke, the two sopho co-stars, Roche got 37 points, Owens 26 and the Gamecocks finished 10 points ahead, 82-72.

There was no one at Davidson capable of sharing the honors with Mike Maloy. The 6'7" forward man poured in 82 points in his team's three wins. Maloy saved his best shot for his home-town fans back in New York. Playing Dayton at Madison Square Garden, he totaled 23 points and kept the Wildcats from their third defeat of the season by scoring on a jumper with two seconds left to put Davidson in from 64-63. Two other Southern Conference teams, East Carolina and Richmond, pulled big turnarounds. The Pirates, who lost to St. Francis (Pa.) two weeks ago by 30 points, won a rematch 74-66. And the Spiders, who had slumped after being picked to finish second in the league, began to live up to their notices by scoring 104 points against VMI and winning by 16.

After two more wins, 105-93 over Auburn and 104-68 over Mississippi, Kentucky sat firmly atop the Southeastern Conference with a 10-0 record, leaving the rest of the league to jockey for spots in the first division. Georgia Coach Ken Rosemond even resorted to threats to perk up his fifth-place team's scoring. He told Guard Jerry Epling at halftime, "Jerry, you've got to shoot more or I'll have to take you out." Epling responded with a 22-point second half after

scoring just four in the first period to lead the Bulldogs to a 90-83 victory over Vanderbilt. The Commodores, who were picked to challenge Kentucky for the championship, have now lost four straight in league play.

EAST

1. LA SALLE (18-1)
2. ST. JOHN'S (16-3)
3. VILLANOVA (16-3)

For years the most feared road trip for Ivy League coaches was the one that included, on successive days, both Penn and Princeton at their respective snakepits, the Palestra and Dillon Gym. The dreadful parlay seemed broken last month when the Tigers opened spacious Jadwin Gymnasium, where the fans do not sit tight against the baselines and the visitors' bench is not nestled in the front row of the Tigers' cheering section. But after what happened to Columbia there last week the Lions are sorry things ever changed. Starting the trip with a 15-1 record and the best shooting percentage in the country, Columbia stumbled first against the Tigers 68-49 and the next night against the Quakers 91-81. At Princeton, which also defeated Cornell 67-57 to take a comfortable two-game league lead, the usually hard-driving Lions were forced to shoot over a sagging man-to-man defense, averaged just 39% from the floor and rarely got a second shot as Tigers Jeff Petrie and Chris Thorndore controlled the rebounding. Petrie, who scored 30 points, led a hot Princeton attack that netted 56% of its shots. Rapidly improving Penn, with 5'10" soph Steve Bilsky totaling 35 points, overcame a 32-point effort by Columbia's Jim McMillian at the Palestra to tie the Lions for second place.

When St. John's and La Salle were not involved in intramural battles with Villanova (page 22), they found the going easier. The Redmen dumped Rhode Island 75-46 and Army 65-43, while the Explorers defeated Lafayette 97-65.

Three other Catholic colleges held a lesser round robin of their own as Duquesne and Niagara gauged up on Providence. The Duques' Jarrett Durham scored 19 of his 30 points in the second period to bring his team from a two-point halftime deficit to a 78-61 win over the Friars. Later in the week Calum Murphy's 31 points and impressive quarterbacking by junior Guard Mike Brown sparked the Purple Eagles, who had lost eight of their last 10, to a surprisingly easy 78-55 victory.

Glutinous rebounding performances by St. Bonaventure's Bob Lanier and Boston College's Terry Driscoll helped their teams

win. Lanier, who has worked off 17 pounds since the season began and is down to avelte 263 pounds, grabbed 26 in the Bonnies' 105-80 win over Fairfield, and Driscoll set a school record with 31 rebounds as BC ran off its 10th straight victory with a 105-70 romp against Fordham.

Two of the East's surprise teams, Rutgers and NYU, continued their drives for postseason tournament bids. The Scarlet Knights were three-time winners, defeating Lehigh 60-44 and 66-62 and Boston U. 86-79, to run their record to 10-3. The Violets, now 10-4, nipped Manhattan 92-91 on a pair of free throws by Jim Miller with 19 seconds to play.

WEST

1. UCLA (18-0)
2. SANTA CLARA (20-0)
3. WEBER STATE (17-2)

"The word was out that you could stop us by just stopping Willie Sojourner and Justin Thigpen," said Weber State Coach Phil Johnson, after his team swept back-to-back road games against Idaho, 63-53 and 63-61. In Moscow, Idaho they indeed had got the word, and the Vandals slapped the clumps on Sojourner and Thigpen, holding them to a combined 30 points in the opener. But Idaho had not heard about Gas Chamon and Sessions Harlan, who moved in for 22 points and 16 rebounds. On the second night Sojourner came back to score 21 more points, but the hero was substitute Gary Strong, who sank a 20-foot jumper at the buzzer to give the Wildcats another win. "I think we've proved we have other good players besides Willie and Justin," concluded Johnson.

Washington gave UCLA one of its rare, serious scares of the year when the Huskies led the Bruins by as many as nine points in the first period and sent the Uclans off the court at the half trailing for the first time in the history of four-year-old Pauley Pavilion. Then Lew Alcindor took over, adding new dimensions to his usual stifling defense and awesome offense as the Bruins rallied to win 62-51. After two interquos, the big center directed the fast break up the floor. The first time, Alcindor dribbled close to the basket before passing off to a cutting teammate. On the next play, he drove the length of the court to score on a layup. The following day UCLA won its 38th straight, 108-80 over Washington State, even though Alcindor was bothered by a migraine headache and scored only 10 points.

Three Santa Clara victories made the Broncos the year's first 20-game winner. New Mexico State, rebounding after its double loss to archival New Mexico a week ago, also won three times. But the Lobos were in another mystifying slump. "We just weren't ready to play," said New Mexico Coach Bob King. "I tried every trick I knew during practice and I still couldn't get them

up for Arizona State." The Lobos' letdown showed in their 23 8 first-half shooting percentage and in the final score, 78-73 against them. The loss left New Mexico 0-4 in league competition and out of the race that is now a four-team affair between Arizona, Arizona State, Brigham Young and Wyoming. Wyoming was the most impressive Western Athletic Conference team with wins over both Arizonas. Harry Hall's two-pointer with 13 seconds left won for the Cowboys over the Wildcats, and Gary Von Krogh's 18 points and 13 rebounds helped top State.

Southwest Conference leader Texas A&M held a 13-point lead early in the second half against Baylor when Bears' Coach Bill Meneff switched to a pressing defense. His team surged back and won 66-65 as Larry Gatwood cupped the rally with two foul shots, with 22 seconds to play. The teams are now tied for first.

Texas-Arlington pulled a Texas-size upset, beating previously undefeated Lamar Tech 76-71, and Portland, after losing its first 17 games, won twice over Redlands, 75-63 and 69-39.

MIDWEST

- 1. PURDUE (13-3)
- 2. TULSA (18-2)
- 3. KANSAS (17-3)

Ken Hayes, coach of Missouri Valley leader Tulsa, drove down the 235 miles to Denton, Texas last Thursday to watch the league



PRINCETON'S PETRIE SCORED TWO OF HIS 30 POINTS IN THE TIGERS' WIN OVER COLUMBIA.

game between Cincinnati and North Texas State. He came away satisfied that the long drive was worth it. "It was one of those hold-up-the-flag-and-circle-the-wagons games," said Hayes of the scrappy Eagles' 94-74 win. The precision league-favorite Bearcats, who were harassed into 26 turnovers by State's tough press, were eliminated from the race for the championship. Drake, which defeated non-MVC opponent Iowa State 94-71, and Louisville, winner of two league games—60-51 over Memphis State and 78-75 over North Texas—still could pass Tulsa, but not easily. With a two-game lead after defeating St. Louis 80-66 and Bradley 94-80, the Blue-razers are 10-0 in the conference.

In the Big Ten, Purdue also opened up a two-game edge, this one with the help of a pinch of salt and a big win by Wisconsin. Rick Mount, who collapsed twice in the Badgers' previous game because of a salt deficiency, got his system and his jump shot in full working order again and pumped in 76 points in his team's victories over Iowa and Northwestern. The Wildcats also lost Coach Larry Glass, who announced he will quit after the season. Second-place Ohio State's star pivotman Dave Sorenson was held to his season low of 12 points, and Badger senior Keith Burington, making the first Big Ten start of his career, scored 14 in Wisconsin's 77-73 upset of the Buckeyes.

Former Kansas Coach Phog Allen used a shopworn psychological ploy to help the Jayhawks win their first game without Jo Jo White and also to pick up what they are calling their 1,000th victory. Ill at home, Allen sent this message to the Kansas team before its game with Oklahoma State: "I'd like to feel you're playing this game for me." The Jayhawks won it for the Phogger 64-48 and later added a 66-59 win over Oklahoma to stay just half a game back of Colorado. The Buffaloes won twice, too, but not easily. Their total margin of victory over Missouri and Nebraska was three points.

Down home is the place to be in the Ohio Valley Conference, especially when home is Bowling Green, Ky., where Western Kentucky plays. In a shoot-out with Murray State for the OVC lead, the Hill-toppers scored the winning bucket on a tap at approximately the same time the final buzzer sounded. No goal, said Murray Coach Al Luther. The goal counts, said Referee Charles Fouty, after conferring with Time-keeper "Big Six" Henderson, a longtime Western rooster. Luther's objection was reasonable, since the ball was fumbled, shot from 25 feet and tapped up twice, all in the last six seconds of Western's 84-82 win.

Mums stayed ahead in the Mid-American Conference with 83-55 and 66-62 wins over Marshall and Bowling Green. Detroit lost its seventh in its last 10 games, this one to Notre Dame by a 79-72 score. **END**

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PUBLIC DEFENDERS

Sirs:

Three cheers for Victor Yannacoe Jr. and the Environmental Defense Fund (*Alf He Wants to Save the World*, Feb. 3). Since the governments him and haw and haw won't, and therefore the industries fear not and do not, the only effective approach to the problem as the foreseeable future is the EDF's "big stick." I am mailing a copy of this letter to EDF with a check (which I wish could be larger).

STEPHEN S. STERNICK

Bethlehem, Pa.

Sirs:

Is Vic Yannacoe aware that the last time environmental defenders won anything in Montana was in 1876 at the Battle of the Little Bighorn? And the EDs relied on bull there, too—Sitting Bull, that is.

HENRY S. PENNYPACKER

Missoula, Mont.

Sirs:

If any of your readers want to support EDF they may do so through a contribution to the Rachel Carson Memorial Fund of the National Audubon Society, 1130 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020.

ROLAND C. CLEMENT

Vice-President

National Audubon Society

New York City

Sirs:

The article by Robert H. Boyle on thermal pollution was excellent (*The Nukes Are in Hot Water*, Jan. 20). One aspect of the problem of doing battle with the utilities, whether their instrument of pollution is heat, particulate matter or noxious vapor, is the enormous advantage they have by virtue of being public utilities. The cost of defending themselves, through the hiring of teams of attorneys and consultants, from attack by those interested in protecting our natural resources and environment becomes part of their overall operating expenses. This means, in a sense, that, since they are ordinarily guaranteed a profit under the law, the consumers underwrite the legal and public-relations efforts in support of the utilities' polluting activities. Perhaps there should be a requirement that a utility underwrite the opposition's expenses for qualified legal counsel and expert witnesses to an extent equal to the amount it spends in preparation of its own case.

NATHAN HERBERY

Research Professor of Health Law

Graduate School of Public Health

University of Pittsburgh

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

Last Aug. 8 I was canoeing miles 358 to 330 of our 400-mile trip down the Connecticut River with six adults and 20 boys, ages 11 to 15. We were a group called Backet Adventures out of East Haddam, Conn. that was studying the Connecticut River. We had started at the Canadian line some 19 days before and had traveled through some of the most beautiful scenery that this area of the U.S. has to offer. We also came through the nauseating stench of decaying waste matter that had raw sewage clinging to our paddles. As you reported, we did indeed measure a temperature variance of 25° between the 72° temperature of the river, just above the Haddam Neck atomic power plant, and the 97° temperature of the water coming out of the outlet channel of the power plant. (Company officials argue that the temperature of the river that day was 78°, and that the plant increased the water temperature only 19°.) The water was so warm at this point in the river that we had to take our bare feet off the bottom of our aluminum canoes because of the heat.

Please, for the good of American recreation, continue to fight the battle for conservation.

SIDNEY I. DUFOUR

East Haddam, Conn.

FULL STEAM

Sirs:

I strongly recommend that the automobile industry studiously avoid underrating Bill Lear or his steam-powered motor car (*Let There Be Steam*, Feb. 3). Bill designed a jet airplane which many said he would never build and, if he did, it wouldn't fly and, if it did, it wouldn't sell. He did, it did. And does.

W. E. RICHARDS

President

Atlantic Aviation Corporation

Wilmington, Del.

KIND TO ANIMALS

Sirs:

Having spent the first 18 years of my life in the Boston area I have been a Bruins fan for a long time. I remember very well the many lean years of last-place finishes, but most of all I remember reading newspapers that said, not "Wait until next year" but "Wait for Bobby Orr."

We waited for quite a while but our time has come. Thank you for the great story on a great hockey team, and especially on the greatest hockey player ever (*It's Bobby Orr & The Animals*, Feb. 3).

Ann Arbor, Mich.

KEN ALPHEIN

Sirs:

The color photographs accompanying the story reactivated my pet peeve. How do the Bruins get away with playing in black uniforms? I seem to recall seeing a black puck somewhere before, and I also recall witnessing players adding black tape to the blades of their sticks to possibly deter the goalie from sighting their slap shots too quickly.

I admire any NHL goalkeeper's courage for even standing "between the pipes" for 60 minutes of a game. However, let's not make his job overly precarious by adding a uniform color scheme that makes the job of seeing that black puck about as easy as spotting a charcoal briquette in a coal bin!

THOMAS J. SEREIKA

Harrison, N.J.

VOLUNTEER FANS

Sirs:

I enjoyed Frank Deford's article *The Year of the Great Fan Draft* (Jan. 27). However, it should be pointed out that the Baltimore Colts missed a real blue-chipper in not selecting Fred Wright, my roomy. Mr. Wright has heroically withstood the furious onslaught by literally hundreds of Jet fans here in upstate New York. He has singlehandedly shaved off more than 100 Fu Manchu mustaches, which have cropped up in recent weeks. He also is the only man I know who was willing to give up an expense-paid trip to Europe just to see the Colts in action over the holidays.

Yes, Mr. Wright is a true Baltimore fan up here in this lonely outpost of New York. The least the Colts could do is give him a season ticket for next year. Knowing him, he'd drive 600 miles every Sunday to see the game!

R. GELLES

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

Enclosed is a scouting report on one of the hottest prospects for next season's fan draft: Barry Bennett, 16, of Prospect Inn, Oceanside, N.Y. Great between the 40s, but can watch anywhere. Especially good at storming field after game and tearing down goalposts, win or lose. Prefers to catch on with Giants, but will go anywhere if made the right offer. Says Joe Fabin, prominent local bird dog: "Best two-way spectator I ever saw—also great at tripping hot-dog vendor, producing loud cheering. A real comer."

I am sure you will want to forward this report to the commissioner.

BARRY BENNETT

Oceanside, N.Y.

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